

Chatelaine

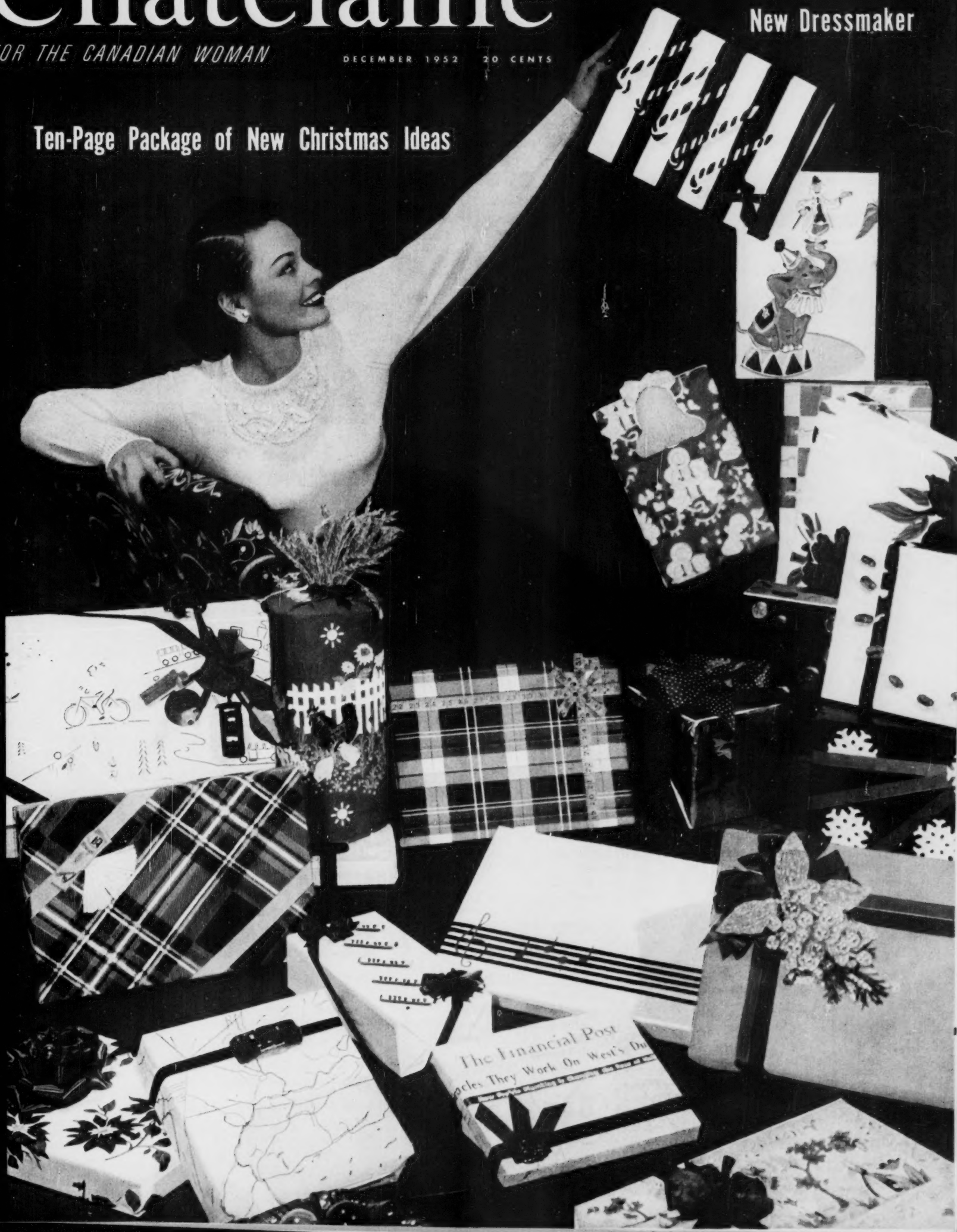
FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

DECEMBER 1952 20 CENTS

EXCLUSIVE

A Visit To Princess Margaret's
New Dressmaker

Ten-Page Package of New Christmas Ideas



NOW, TIDE WASHES CLOTHES *WHITER* THAN YOU CAN BLEACH THEM!



Tide alone washes *WHITER*
than any other washing product
with a bleach added!

You have to see it to believe it!

IT'S AMAZING WASHDAY NEWS! Tests prove you no longer have to bleach to keep your clothes dazzling white. Tide alone washes them *whiter* than any other washing product *with bleach added* to the wash water! What's more, Tide gets clothes *cleaner* than any soap of any kind! Canadian women have proved it themselves. No soap known will get out so much grimy dirt, yet leave clothes so free of dulling film. Have *whiter* washes . . . *cleaner* washes . . . get Tide today!

SO MILD FOR HANDS! SO SAFE FOR COLORS! SO THRIFTY, TOO!

YES! With all its cleaning and whitening action, Tide has an amazing new mildness. In fact, *no* other washday product is milder on hands than Tide!

ACTUALLY BRIGHTENS COLORS! For dramatic proof of Tide's wonderful safety, watch soap-dulled colors come brighter after just one Tide wash. Tide

really cares for clothes and colors just as it does for your hands.

AND TIDE SAVES YOU MONEY on bleaches . . . and clothes, too! With Tide's gentle action clothes last longer because there's no chance for too much bleach or too harsh a bleach to weaken fabrics. There's nothing like Tide!



THE WASH TEST PROVES IT!

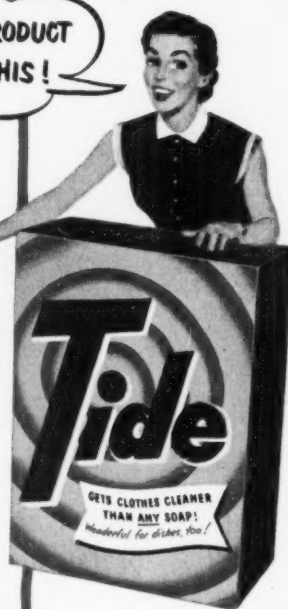
Take *any* washing product you like—make your suds, and add bleach—then wash a load of white clothes. Wash a second load in Tide suds *alone*. Then compare the two loads! The Tide-washed clothes will be so much *whiter*, you'll be amazed!

NO OTHER WASHING PRODUCT
CAN PROMISE ALL THIS!

Washes clothes
WHITER
than you can bleach them!

Gets clothes
CLEANER
than any other washing product
sold in all Canada!

MILDER
for hands than any
other leading "detergent"!





Bill's model said he didn't prefer blondes.

Chatelaine Centre

All about the Queen's pets, a woman who's a gift-wrapping whiz, and this Christmas-crammed issue

Two-Bit Poser. Under artist Bill Winter's brush, dark-haired Michael Crossthwaite, aged nine, who posed for the oil illustration of "A Present for Miss Merriam," became a blond to fit the description of the boy in the story. After a careful study of the painting Michael's decision was a derisive "Huh!" about the new effect.

Winter, Chatelaine readers will remember, did the oil painting for our story last year, "The Boy Who Threw a Snowball at Santa."

For pay Michael got twenty-five cents which delighted him. "I'm not really a Scrooge," explains Winter, hurriedly. "I used to pay the kids more until their mothers complained about them blowing their modeling fees in on candy orgies at the corner store."



Wrapping Wrinkles. Dorothy Lash Colquhoun, whose original ideas on gift wrappings appear on page twenty-four, is shown here arranging the packages she did for our cover. She says she stumbled into her position as a packaging authority, just because she got tired of the red paper and green string kind of Christmas wrap. Now she lectures on the subject to several hundred women every Christmas.

For people sending parcels out of town for Christmas, Dorothy passes along three handy tips. "Always use heavy quality brown paper," she advises. "It's a lot more effective than three thicknesses of the kind of stuff that comes with

clothes from the cleaners. Then cut your paper to fit. Bulky pads at the ends of parcels don't add to the strength and do add to the weight and postage. Don't use masses of skinny string. Use good cord or twine. Last, and most important, soak the string and put it on the parcel wet. When it dries, it shrinks, and is much tighter than you could ever pull it yourself."

Profitable Puppets. Puppets will be rearing their comical heads all over Ontario this Christmas to the amusement of both audiences and players. One lively group at Alexandria has been performing to crowds of over eight hundred and is solidly booked for the rest of the season. The whole project from carving the puppets to perfecting three full-length shows has been a labor of love for the thirty-two Alexandrians involved, including five-year-olds and seventy-five-year-olds. Dorothy Dumbrille, well-known Canadian novelist and her school principal husband, sparked the group with the idea. The Community Programs Branch of the Department of Education provided the know-how and have tutored twenty-five other puppeteering groups in the province as well. The Alexandria group have turned over an impressive three hundred dollars to worthy local causes, proving puppets pay off, both in fun and funds.

Christmas by Canadians. Both of our Yuletide stories were written by Canadians. "A Present for Miss Merriam" is by Ernest Buckler, who lives a peaceful agrarian life in Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, and whose first novel "The Mountain and the Valley" appeared on the bookshelves just a week ago. Violet King, author of "Fifteen Borrowed Dollars" sets something of a record, as this is her third Christmas story in a row for Chatelaine. Speaking of stories for Christmas, the new Mazo de la Roche novel "A Boy in the House" published by Macmillan, which appeared in our last issue, is now on book counters as a Yuletide offering.

Pets in the Palace. Christmas, the Siamese cat who went to live with Princess Elizabeth and whose story appears on page twenty, was born in a little white cottage, with the odd name "Perseverance" at Corsham, England. The kitten's original mistress, District Nurse Phyllis Guest and her friend, Nurse Streatfield (on the



left) are shown feeding Christmas' mother Susan her malt extract (good for a shiny coat).

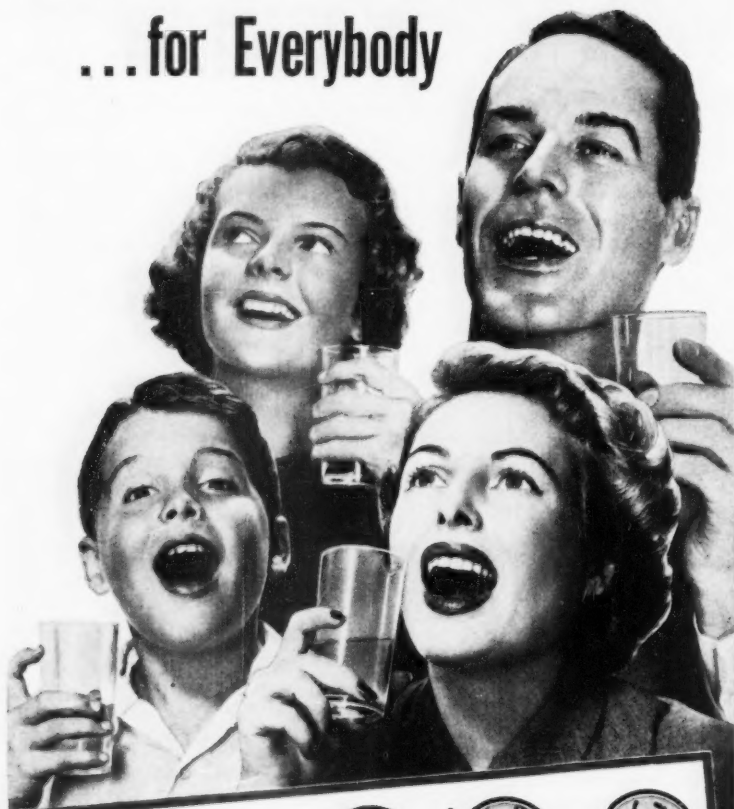
Queen Elizabeth has always been fond of cats. As a little girl she had a large black one she always insisted be taken in a hamper to the country with her. Her grandfather had a parrot called Charlotte who could make a "pop" like a cork coming out of a bottle. While Elizabeth's parents were on a tour to Australia she became very fond of it. To her joy her mother and father brought back a parrot, called Jimmy, on their return. But Jimmy proved a bit too clever. He was caught pushing seeds out of his cage for a mouse, and Jimmy was banished.

Prince Charles has a tortoise and a rabbit called Mac to which he is so devoted he wept bitterly on leaving Clarence House until he was assured that Mac would be going to Buckingham Palace too. Charles' Shetland pony, Cloudy, is waiting in the stables at Windsor until the prince is old enough to ride. In the meantime Charles practices vigorously on a nursery rocking horse (also named Cloudy) for the big day. +

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When a **COLD** or **SORE THROAT** threatens
It's **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!**
...for Everybody



Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types. These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Bacillus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus hemolyticus, (4) Pneumococcus Type IV, (5) Streptococcus viridans.

THIS SAFE AND DELIGHTFUL precaution can often help halt a "family epidemic," or lessen its severity.

The important thing is to gargle early and often at the first hint of trouble.

Kills Surface Germs in Throat

Listerine Antiseptic attacks millions of germs called "Secondary Invaders" before they attack you... often helps forestall a mass invasion of the tissues by these potentially troublesome germs.

Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% even fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle—up to 80% an hour after.

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Tests made over a period of 12 years showed that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and generally had milder colds than those who did not gargle... and fewer sore throats due to colds.

At the first sign of a cold or sore throat due to a cold... it's Listerine Antiseptic for everyone. It may save your entire family a siege of trouble.

Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

P. S. Fight Tooth Decay with the new Listerine Tooth Paste—It's Clean and Fresh!

Made in Canada



On page 26 Cover Girl Betty Neden, Canada's Sweater Queen, shows how to wrap these gift packages. The color photo by Paul Rockett.

Chatelaine

DECEMBER 1952

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Do Our Schools Prepare for Life—or Utopia?

Thank you for your stimulating articles in October Chatelaine ("Who's Right in the Great Battle of the Schools?"). Having taught school for eighteen years prompts me to accept Dr. Hardy's views. The classroom is not the place to sample possibly interesting phases of life, it's the place to get down to the serious business of learning a few fundamentals. It's a preparation for Utopia, not life, youngsters today are getting. Education needs a few more Dr. Hardys.—*B. C. Forrester, Potter Valley, California.*

... Criticism, especially the destructive type, makes better headlines than a careful appraisal. Your attempt to put both sides of the question before your readers in an unprejudiced way provides a good education for the public at a time when many are confused over what the schools are doing.—*Editb Anderson, Edmonton.*

... I agree with Dr. Phillips. Modern education is much more interesting to the average student. As a graduate of the old school I had no hobby or relaxation. I enjoyed the art classes immensely but regret there was no music taught in high school.—*Mrs. N. Smith, Kapuskasing.*

... Congratulations to Dr. Phillips for an excellent defense of modern education. It should do much to clarify the thinking of teachers and the general public.—*H. Whitley, Toronto.*

... As an ex-teacher who took time out to raise a family, I have again entered the field of teaching and am appalled at the conglomeration of subjects that make up a curriculum. A smattering of everything and not much of anything... In high schools it seems students are allowed to follow the lines of least resistance. Subjects which don't appeal can be dropped. No homework, as there are plenty of spare periods for this. Whole afternoons taken off to elect a president, field days for local and intercollegiate.—*M. E. Garnham, Sutton, Ont.*

... On behalf of the 190,000 members in our Federation, I would like to take this opportunity of commending you for publishing such articles which encourage parents and the general public to think more about the problems of education; and of expressing the hope that you will continue to keep the public informed through similar articles in the future.—*Mattie Harris, Executive Secretary, The Canadian Home and School and Parent-Teacher Federation, Toronto, Ont.*

Luxuries for Orphans?

Enjoyed "It's Not So Bad to Be an Orphan" in October Chatelaine. Mary Allen has evidently grown into a fine young woman in spite of her beginning in life. I hope there are many more orphans doing as well as she has done.—*Mrs. S. H. Ives, Lytton, B.C.*

... I think the Saskatchewan government carries welfare too far, paying board and room, medical bills and clothing for orphans until they are twenty-one. Why should these government wards be given opportunities and luxuries when we are taxed so heavily we can't afford to send our own children to university?—*Julia Duncan, Regina.*

... I'm concerned about the ending: "Later, much later, I want to get married and give my children all the things I never had."

If she had said, "I want to give my children, within our family, the love and understanding and sense of security I had as a child," it would have been more to the point. Because that's what she had, and that's why "It's not So Bad to be an Orphan."—*E. Douglas, Toronto.*

Real Housewife

I was impressed by the true-to-life housewife portrayed in your September article on "How to Lead a Happy Double Life." The authors couldn't have been more realistic.—*Mrs. C. E. Hays, Lebbidge.*

Point of No Return

I was a little shocked at my favorite magazine printing the article about the Duchess of Windsor. But some of the replies in favor of her return point up the fact that most people don't realize she was not a divorcee at the time of the Abdication. She was a married woman hoping to get a divorce in order to marry Edward. Since the King is also head of the Church and the Church doesn't permit divorcees to marry, she knew what the outcome was bound to be for him.—*C. Sandford, Long Branch, Ont.*

Nothing to Read?

Only two fiction stories (in October Chatelaine). Nothing to read! We were discussing magazines at our club last night, and we decided to tell you that what we want is fiction.—*Mrs. Andrea Rollins, Winnipeg.*

Maritime Prices High

Liked your story on the Koehler family of Weston. We too have a family of five and find food prices

Continued on page 72



Ever think of DIABETES this way?

A NOTED medical authority compares the diabetic person to a charioteer, whose chariot is drawn by three steeds named Diet, Insulin, and Exercise. This authority points out that it takes skill to drive one horse, intelligence to manage a team, and unusual ability to get three to pull together.

Yet, the diabetic person... if he is to maintain good health and avoid complications... must learn to harness diet, insulin, and exercise and make them pull together in complete harmony. Only in this way can well-established diabetes be kept under good control.

What is insulin... why is it used?

Insulin is a secretion of the pancreas gland which enables the body to store and burn sugars and starches (carbohydrates).

When the pancreas fails to produce enough insulin, sugar is not fully utilized and diabetes may result. It then becomes necessary to replace natural insulin with prepared insulin, or to reduce the need for it with a carefully adjusted diet.

Why are diet and exercise so important?

Diet determines the amount of sugar and starch taken into the body.

In all cases, the doctor's advice is needed about the kinds and amounts of foods that will best meet the needs of each patient. Active work or exercise is necessary, too,

as it helps the body burn up sugar and starches.

If you are a diabetic, your faithful, intelligent cooperation with your doctor may help you to control the disease through diet, insulin, and exercise. In most cases, you can look forward to living a long life with almost undiminished activity.

Guarding against diabetes.

Medical science has not yet discovered why certain people develop diabetes. Research, however, has revealed who are its most likely victims. They are:

1. **Middle-aged, overweight people.** Anyone can help guard against diabetes by keeping his weight down. The only effective way to do this is by controlling the amount of food you eat—especially sugars, starches, and fats.
2. **People who have diabetes "in the family."** If you have diabetic relatives, you should pay particular attention to diet, and be alert to the usual signs of diabetes. These include *excessive thirst and hunger, frequent urination, and loss of weight and strength.*

Since the signs of diabetes may not appear at the onset of the disease, it is always wise to have periodic medical check-ups, including *urinalysis*. This is important because when detected early, the chances for successful control of diabetes are best, often by diet alone.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(Incorporated in Canada)

Home Office: New York

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Diabetes

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Please mail me a free copy of your booklet, 122-L, "Diabetes."

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Street.....

City..... Prov.....

"My husband and I trade roles at Christmas!"

Says ROSALIND RUSSELL, starring in "NEVER WAVE AT A WAC". An RKO Radio Release



"All year he's Frederick Brisson, the big producer. But come the holidays he's the star and I'm in charge of production. It's I who actually 'deck the halls with holly'.



"I decorate, wrap parcels, make eggnog (and wash up!)"



"Til my hands aren't fit to be seen! But Jergens Lotion..."



"Quickly smooths them for 'under the mistletoe'."



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion, or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.



See why stars choose Jergens Lotion 7-to-1.

Remember JERGENS LOTION . . . because you care for your hands!

15c, 37c, 65c, \$1.15. Made in Canada

HE WRITES BEST SELLERS



HECTOR BOLITHO

A jovial bachelor of fifty-four who once lived and wrote for seven years in Windsor Castle, begins a new series of Chatelaine articles on our young Queen in her Coronation year

ONCE WHEN Hector Bolitho went to Glamis Castle for tea, the late King George VI said to him: "You know, Mr. Bolitho, as a writer you understand the Royal Family. You see our point of view."

In any other profession this commendation would have been followed promptly by the appearance, over Hector Bolitho's luxurious house in London's Belgravia, of the proud legend: "By Appointment . . . Royal Biographer."

Of a hundred writers who find the British Royal Family a popular and saleable subject, only Hector Bolitho—who begins a new series of articles in Chatelaine next month—regularly turns out best sellers. His first was a gossip account of the Prince of Wales' 1920 tour of New Zealand, Bolitho's home. Later the New Zealand reporter moved to England.

His first serious book on the Royal Family was "Albert the Good," which made front pages in 1932 partly because it gave proof that the birth of Queen Victoria's beloved consort was not, as often alleged, irregular. Following the abdication, Bolitho's frank "Edward VIII" raised another storm of public discussion; and Bolitho was on the front pages again in July, 1951, with "A Century of British Monarchy," which contained the story of how in 1924 the Prince of Wales rebelled against his father's discipline and threatened to renounce his rights and settle in one of the Dominions unless given his own way.

Now a tubby, jovial bachelor of fifty-four, Bolitho (the "i" rhymes with "sky") can point to the shelves of his richly furnished study where a row of his works are lined up in chronological order—beginning with Queen Victoria. Thus it may be said that the reign of Elizabeth II completes Hector Bolitho's cycle as writer of the royal story, and he marks this event with a new series written specially for Chatelaine readers in this Coronation year.

Hitherto he has refused to write about the new Sovereign for the same reason he recently turned down an editor's offer

ABOUT ROYALTY

BY
JANE
ARMSTRONG

of one thousand guineas—almost three thousand dollars—for an article on the Duke of Edinburgh.

"I won't be taken seriously as an historical biographer if I write gossip paragraphs about the Royal Family," he explains.

Bolitho finally consented to write about Elizabeth II when the publishers of Chatelaine sent an editor to England to propose a series which would give Canadians a new understanding of the tasks which face the young Queen, the conflicts between her public and personal life, her vital role as the first British monarch trained from childhood to rule a Commonwealth of Nations—and to picture, as though through the Queen's own eyes, the Coronation itself.

Hector Bolitho's study of Queen Elizabeth, a unique blend of intimate knowledge and close observation, began more than twenty years ago at Windsor Castle. On a Sunday afternoon, standing on the East Terrace where the Guards' band played, he saw Queen Mary hold up to the window "a very pretty child" who waved a chubby hand to the crowd.

The next seven years spent in the castle cloisters as guest of the Dean of Windsor, Dr. Albert Baillie, gave Bolitho an unrivalled opportunity to see much of Princess Elizabeth during her formative years. Bolitho went to live at Windsor when he was invited to write a pamphlet on the "King's Beasts," those heraldic statues on St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Bolitho, a diligent researcher, produced instead a book, "The Romance of Windsor," which is still reprinting.

Such was Bolitho's initiation into that large and fascinating circle which revolves around the court, and the long years of close association with the Royal Family which give such authority to his writing. When Bolitho wrote about the Prince of Wales' rebellion and recognized this as the beginning of the cleavage which ended in the abdication, the Duke of Windsor's U. S. lawyer spoke of "taking action." But nothing came of it—for a reason.

At Buckingham Palace there was a standing rule that a Bolitho manuscript submitted for scrutiny as to accuracy and good taste was sent, not to secretaries, but straight to the King—and the story about Edward had not been deleted. "The King was a fiend for detail. He always spotted a wrong date, no matter how trivial," Bolitho recalls.

In one Bolitho manuscript King George read that during Princess Elizabeth's childhood Queen Mary felt her small granddaughter was enjoying the limelight too much at a public function, and sent her home. The King crossed this out and wrote: "Nonsense. Not true. Never sent home in disgrace."

Hector Bolitho's studies of monarchical history have developed in him tastes in furniture and art which his writings have fortunately made it possible for him to indulge—beautiful William and Mary antique walnut pieces, a priceless Winterhalter watercolor of Prince Albert and fine pieces of blue Bristol glass. Yet he has also developed an eccentric stinginess regarding the most essential tool of his trade. He hates to buy paper. His desk is crammed with hotel stationery; editors mail him a few sheets of paper at a time to keep an assignment going; a plumber's bill went unpaid for weeks because on the back were jotted ideas for a new book.

But Bolitho is an exacting writer who sticks at his desk from mid-morning to six each day. With just such zest and thoroughness is he now at work producing the new series which begins in January Chatelaine.

"I am thrilled to write for Chatelaine," says Hector Bolitho. "I love Canada so much. When I was in Montreal at the end of the war, I almost decided to stay for good. Perhaps some day I will." +



Because I know...

It's always fun to give - but it isn't always fun trying to decide what to give! And because I know Christmas gift lists are the big problem of the moment, I thought I'd help with some suggestions - all grand, gay gifts - and very nylon practical. Happy hunting!

Small 'uns...

The greatest joy of Christmas is choosing gifts for children...and after toys...they like clothes best! A pale pink nylon sweater for a little girl - a bright red snow-suit for a toddler - a fairy-like party dress or long-wearing nylon socks are all gifts the small ones will love - their mother's bless - because nylon is so sturdy.

Pretty ladies...

All love pretty lingerie! There are delicate and lovely peignoirs and beautiful tailored pyjama sets, slips, nighties and panties in a profusion of styles - all nylon practical. Nylon blouses make delicious gifts, a nylon formal in net will bring a sparkle to any gal's eyes. Nylon gloves, long white ones - or cobwebby sheer nylon stockings. The nylon gift is the perfect gift - for it is practical - and pretty!

Handsome men...

Usually the most difficult problem of all - what to give a man. But Nancy knows - men like nylon! So why not a nylon tricot shirt...or a wonderful red hunting jacket. Nylon pyjamas, navy with white trimming are nifty or what every man needs - long wearing handsome nylon socks. Grand for a golfer - a nylon feather-light golf bag... for a skier a nylon ski jacket. And any man will say a fervent "thank you" if he gets a pair of nylon snow boots.

Me, I'm all through with my shopping and I'm up to my chin in ribbons and wrappings! Next year (think of it!) I'll be back again with news about nylon. For now - I send to each and every one of you my warmest greetings for the merriest of Christmases, the happiest of New Years.

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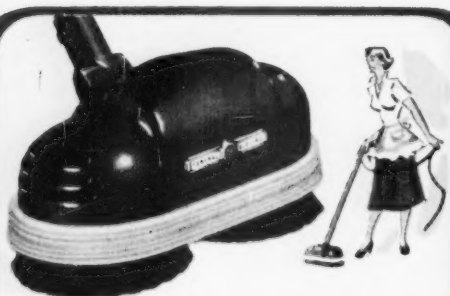


Give

GENERAL ELECTRIC

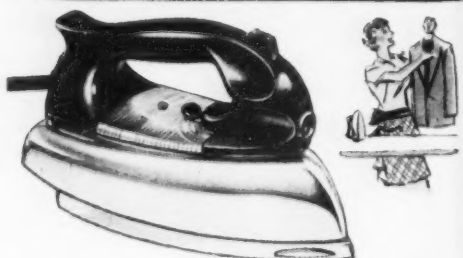
APPLIANCES

.... and be remembered for years!

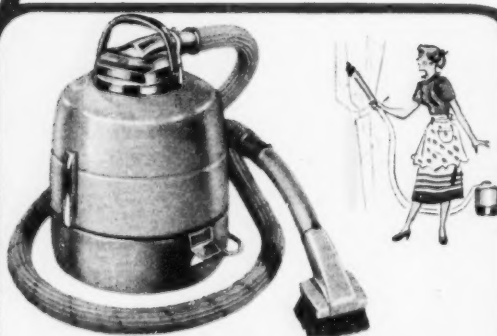


For homelovers, this Floor Polisher is the supremely suitable gift. Saves hours of work... makes your floors gleam.

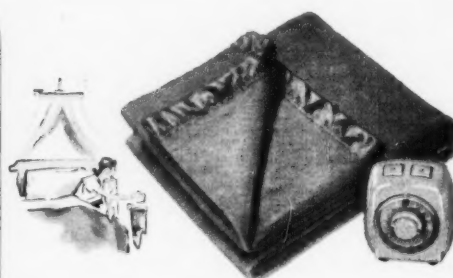
You'll give the magic words "Merry Christmas" a delightfully new meaning this year—if you give G-E Appliances. These electrical servants are gifts that rate a special "thank you." They *do* things for people—banish hard work—make life happier, easier and more comfortable every day of the year. Your neighborhood General Electric Dealer has the perfect Christmas gift for everyone on your list... priced \$6.95 up. See him today—complete your shopping in comfort.



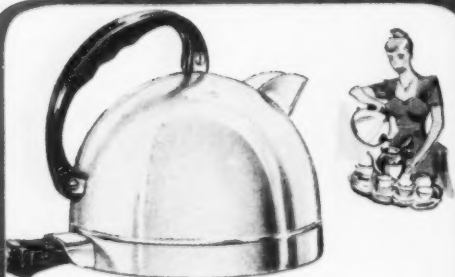
A wonderful Steam Iron that irons with steam or dry—a reminder of your thoughtfulness every day the year 'round.



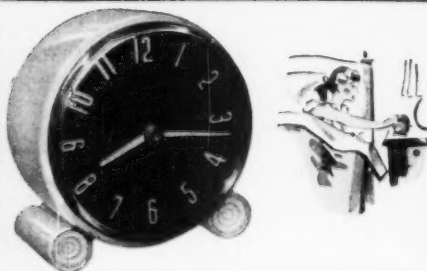
Swivel-top Vacuum Cleaner lets you clean entire living room without once moving the cleaner. A welcome gift!



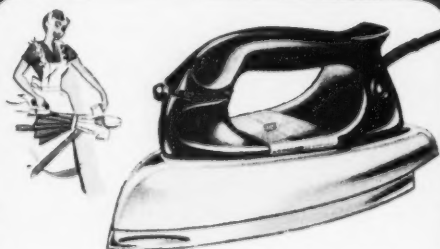
This new G-E Automatic Blanket gives cozy warmth without weight... in *your* choice of three beautiful shades.



Fast-boiling Electric Kettle will earn a special thank-you from someone on your gift list. Holds 4 pints.



G-E Electric Clocks are superbly styled for every room, every purpose... priced for every pocketbook.



Work-saving Automatic Featherweight Iron will prove a constant reminder of your best wishes all year through!

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED—HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

CHATELAIN — DECEMBER, 1952

BY JUDITH ROBINSON

*Memory may wreathe Christmas in melancholy for grownups
— but there are still quite a few children about, and*

STILL QUITE A FEW CHRISTMAS TREES

THE CHILD trotted in and out among the young pines in the grove. Christmas trees, Christmas trees, Christmas trees, he sang softly to himself. Take them all home, Christmas trees, Christmas trees, Christmas . . .

The sun was warm on the grass and the sky still soft with summer. But he had seen Christmas trees.

Looking along young evergreen rows from higher eye-levels, others might see other things: So many thousand potential board feet at such a price per thousand; so much windbreak for tender seedlings; so much sand-drift anchored against erosion; so many predestined victims of bud worm, spruce fly and borer. The child looked up and saw more clearly. Christmas trees, Christmas trees, he sang to a tune of his own. He was in the spirit of Christmas Day.

So sure is the enchantment of memory, even as few Christmas memories as the child could count, to wipe the present out of mind and set Christmas in its place. No matter that the memories vary, on all who remember the enchantment holds. So there you are, entangled again with Christmas, however you may wish you weren't.

Entering her journal for December 25 at the end of the troubled year 1837, a new Canadian lately settled in a new log house in a new clearing in the new township of Douro in Upper Canada, acknowledged the en-

tanglement. Noting that the party of Newcastle district volunteers had returned from Mariposa and Ops and reported no trace of rebels, she noted further that her dear sister Susan and Mr. Moodie with their little ones had spent the day and gone home in the evening in the ox-sleigh, the little ones half asleep and tired out with what was to them a joyous Christmas Day.

For their elders, Catharine Parr Traill wrote on, these Christmas gatherings in the Canadian backwoods were at best but melancholy: "Their chief charm arises from the retrospect of the past and from the long train of affectionate remembrances that crowd thick and fast upon each other."

There the entry marked Christmas Day pulled itself together and returned to current affairs: "We hear that Mackenzie

is trying to stir up the Americans on the other side and promises them large rewards for their services in endeavoring to tear us from our Government and laws and forcing us to become a free and independent people. Surely freedom would be a blessed gift so obtained!!"

Writing about rebels and Americans Mrs. Traill was not at her lightest. The irony is heavy enough for 1952. It could almost be some such notable Republican and American as Dorothy Thompson writing about Communists and Russians. Or about Democrats.

Christmas trees, Christmas trees, what hangs over the spirit of Christmas?

At our old house in Toronto, as in Mrs. Traill's new one in Douro, the spirit inclined sometimes to melancholy, especially after second helpings. But we wore our rue with a difference. This was because Aunt May had gone West and settled in Regina after she was married.

We didn't get Aunt May back East for years, but from time to time remembrancers would come, stepping out of large felt overshoes in our front vestibule and leaving big fur caps and gauntlets on the chimney-piece in our tame hall. Once one hung a buffalo coat, reeking of adventure and CPR smoker on our banister rail. Small tin trunks heavily roped and illegally full of forbidden prairie chicken, were apt to come after. They generally chose *Continued on page 68*

We've always thought Judith Robinson was just about the best columnist-essayist Canada has ever produced. Her father was a great editor, the famous John R. (Black Jack) Robinson of the Toronto Telegram. Judith herself used to write for the Toronto Globe and Mail, and in recent years she has done syndicated newspaper work and two books, *Tom Cullen of Baltimore*, and *As We Came By*. We're glad to introduce Judith Robinson to Chatelaine's audience, and even happier to announce that she will be doing a column for us each month beginning with the next issue.



A PRESENT FOR MISS MERRIAM

There is nothing as still as a country schoolroom when only a stray laugh carries back to it from the children who have just left for the new kingdom of sleds and skates.

Miss Merriam had never felt the stillness so strongly before. It was the last morning of school before the Christmas holidays. The tree had seemed to have an evening glow while the children were there and the gifts were being distributed. Now they were gone, it had only a daylight blankness. The air of the room had the hollow smell of chalk and forgotten books.

She began to tidy up. The floor about her desk was littered with the wrappings of their gifts for her: the handkerchiefs, the cakes of toilet soap, the boxes of stationery. She gathered the wrappings and put them into the stove. She smiled to herself. Parents seemed to think a teacher had no other functions than to write a letter or wash her face or have a cold.

Well, *have* I? she thought.

It was one of those sudden self-questionings which seemed to stab her oftener lately. She would see a woman surreptitiously moisten a finger at her lips and perfect her child's curls before admitting a visitor, then make an elaborate pretense of believing that her child was no handsomer than anyone else's. Or maybe, from the road, she'd glimpse movement behind a lighted window, though no sound came to her. Or, try not to as she would, she might find herself ready too soon, and arriving earlier than anyone else, at anything that was going on. Sometimes then, she'd feel as if something had given way beneath her. She'd feel bleak and frightened, the way you do when you oversleep an afternoon nap into the dusk, and for a second when you awake you don't know where you are or how much time has gone irretrievably by.

She was still young . . . well, thirty-three certainly wasn't old. When she looked in the mirror *before* a party, her gentle face, though plain, would have such a careless "evening" expression that sometimes she'd feel like smiling back at herself. But why, looking in a mirror at the party itself, would she have a foolish wish that some feature could be a little haphazard, out of balance? Why did she have the feeling lately that beneath her own face, another stiffer one was accreting, to which her own would gradually conform?

She dusted off the top of her desk, and aligned the small globe and the dictionary and the bell neatly along the far edge. Then, as if in some vague sort of desperation, she shoved the globe a little slantwise.

She took the register from her desk and inked in the daily attendance. When she came to Robert Fairfield's name, she felt a momentary pang. Bobby—her favorite—was the only child who hadn't brought her anything.

But of course not. How could she expect a present from Bobby? Who was there to remind him of it?

And, come to think, he'd seemed pretty bored with the whole affair anyway. Though that might be only pose. When something was going on that he couldn't join on the same footing as the others, he affected a studied adult indifference which moved her more, somehow, than any sort of wistfulness. You seldom knew what he was thinking. His face didn't suggest an imaginative

Continued on page 36

A STORY BY ERNEST BUCKLER
PAINTING BY WILLIAM WINTER

Gift idea: For a

lonely young woman at

Christmas — or any other

time — there's no nicer

present than an

unexpected romance

"I forgot your present this morning," he said abruptly. Obviously, whatever was in the box was something he'd expected the others to laugh at.





Royal style favorites: Left—chinchilla-trimmed coat in ash blue velvet. Right—cocktail dress in oyster nylon lace under coat of laurel green satin.

Below—Typical Stiebel suit of a style particularly favored by Margaret Rose.



Studio Graphis



HRH Princess Margaret Rose leaving Jacqmar shop wearing a coat designed by Victor Stiebel.

A VISIT TO PRINCESS MARGARET'S NEW DRESSMAKER

Come along with Chatelaine's Fashion Editor and meet Victor Stiebel. He makes gowns for movie stars and once staged a fashion show in a prison

BY ROSEMARY BOXER

VICTOR STIEBEL, a forty-five-year-old fashion designer who a year ago began to make clothes for Princess Margaret Rose, works in a grey and gold workshop on Grosvenor Street not far from the other elegant salons of London's Big Eleven who have given their town a rapidly growing reputation as a style capital.

Stiebel, a South African by birth, has been well known to the trade for years as an imaginative workman dedicated to simple flowing lines and relying on the fabrics themselves for richness of dramatic effect. But he was little known to the public, particularly on this side of the Atlantic, before he was asked to design some of the lovely gowns which Princess Margaret wore to Paris in November, 1951. The flurry of excitement created by the appearance of those gowns established Stiebel as a major designer and convinced me that he was one of the people I must see when I was in London.

Since every dress house in London is in effect a little empire jealously guarding its borders

against interlopers, the business of arranging an interview was wrapped up in about as much red tape and "security" as getting a pass to visit an atom plant. I must admit that I chose a difficult time to open negotiations—right in the middle of the fall showings when all the designers were rushed to death, worried and nervous about the rich secrets of their trade upon which their fortunes rested.

When I said getting the interview was something like getting a high-priority pass I wasn't fooling. I needed a card of identity complete with a photo in the very best tradition of all passport photos. I was checked and double-checked even before I got to the first house detective in the shop itself. Such precautions are taken by all leading designers to protect themselves against style spies even though they know they can't be completely effective. Safeguards are doubly necessary for those houses like Stiebel's where gowns for royalty are created. Finally, after four days, I was told that Victor Stiebel would



Victor Stiebel poses with two striking gowns both fit for a princess. Left—fir green slipper satin. Right—tower grey paper taffeta embossed with cut velvet motifs.

see me at eleven o'clock one Thursday morning.

I could find little on the record about him. He was unmarried, hard working, fond of the theatre and takes his infrequent holidays in the south of France. He came to London at the age of seventeen and studied architecture at Cambridge before going into the fashion field. He was in the British Army during the war and on being demobilized in 1945 went to the famous House of Jacqmar, the fabric people whose scarves became well known in Canada during the war with the help of Canadian servicemen in search of bright gifts for their wives and sweethearts. He is known formally as "Victor Stiebel at Jacqmar" where he is director of couture for the fabric house as well as operating his own separate and exclusive salon.

A friend described him to me as a "kind and serious-minded man who dislikes long untidy hair, red nail polish, platform soles on shoes and artificial gestures on women." Another told me that although—

Continued on page 34

Princess Margaret seen here wearing an inverted teacup hat with black velvet crown-tie. Her tailored ensemble was designed by Victor Stiebel.





Bernie's voice squeaked in protest.
"Gosh, every time I try to ask you about
the dance, you seem to be in a hurry."

FIFTEEN BORROWED DOLLARS

By VIOLET KING

Illustrated by Aileen Richardson

ANNA lay with her eyes closed, one thin hand curled at her throat, listening for sounds which would give some indication of the time. The whirring of the bacon slicer in the grocery store below the small flat would mean it was nearly seven. If her young brothers were scuffling in the bathroom down the hall, it was past seven. If a dish or spoon rattled in the kitchen, it was six-thirty, and her mother would be wondering whether to call her or let her sleep a little longer.

"I hate to wake you up, Anna," she had said once apologetically. "When you go baby-sitter at night I like you should sleep good."

Now there was no sound but that of the trains shunting and hooting at the railroad roundhouse six blocks away, and one car rattling down the narrow street. Cautiously Anna opened her eyes. The alarm clock said five-forty, and her mother was still in the bed across the room. The window was faintly rimmed with dark blue.

What had wakened her so early? She turned over and pulled her knees up to her chin, tentatively slipping one hand under the pillow to feel the three five-dollar bills. She had never owed anyone more than fifty cents in her life and now she owed fifteen dollars. If Mr. Crumback grew inquisitive she might end up in disgrace or even in jail. She jerked her hand away from the bills.

Mr. Crumback would never suspect a thing. He had known her all her life, and she had worked for him since she was fourteen. He had always seemed quite certain of her honesty. And she was an honest person; she would put the money back, a little at a time, after Christmas.

Carefully, her gaze on the still form of her mother, she leaned on one elbow to feel under the mattress for the wad of bills stuffed there. She had a total of sixty-five dollars. Fifty were hard-earned and carefully saved through much self-denial, and fifteen were borrowed, five at a time, without asking, from the old-fashioned cash register in Crumback's Novelty Store where she worked every day after school from four until six-thirty and all day Saturday.

Tomorrow, Tuesday December twenty-third, her

mother would have the hearing-aid which the doctor had recommended almost a year ago. Her mother's money paid the rent, food bills, and bought shoes. Anna gave her all that Mr. Crumback paid her and kept only her baby-sitting money. It did not seem possible that her mother would ever scrape together sixty-five dollars, and Anna couldn't bear to think of her spending the rest of her life straining to hear, watching their lips to know what they said, turning the little radio so loud that Mr. MacTavish thumped the ceiling of his store with a broom-handle.

Anna lay back, pressing her face, shell-pink and fine-skinned, into the fat pillow. By St. Valentine's Day at the latest she would have it all paid back and could return to gum-chewing, nail polish, new shades of lipstick, and maybe a new pair of jeans. She could buy her own movie magazines instead of borrowing from the other girls at school. By April she might be able to get a green velvet dress. Green velvet would do such nice things for her slender body, pale yellow hair and long dark hazel eyes. Bernie Sharbot had said green was his favorite color.

She turned to squint thoughtfully at the bar of cold blue light showing between the paper blind and the sill. The Christmas Holiday Dance would be on Saturday and this time, she had said, she would not go with a group of girls but with Bernie—if he asked her. Helen Raynard and Mary O'Reilly couldn't see that he was at all different from other boys, nicer in every way and more fun to be with. It made her angry that they couldn't see him as she did, and at the same time glad, for it would be perfectly awful if they all wanted Bernie Sharbot at the head of their list.

Two minutes to six. The bed seemed lumpier than usual and the blanket was too short. She moaned inwardly over her five feet, five inches; would she *never* stop growing? It was neither justice nor mercy to be soaring upward still when she had become fifteen and a half last Wednesday, the day she had taken the first five dollars from the old cash register. She rubbed her hand over her face resentfully as if her skin were the cause of her irritable mood, then

Continued on page 45

...so small a sum to buy joy at Christmas

THE NIGHT THE BURGLAR CAME TO OUR HOUSE

BY MARJORIE WILKINS CAMPBELL

*Although you've read a thousand headlines
you don't know what a burglary really means
until it happens to you. I know . . . now*

I UNLOCKED the front door of our apartment with difficulty, because my arms were filled with parcels. Turning, I pushed with my hip against the panel, but the door opened only an inch or two and stopped. I pushed harder with my shoulder and stubbornly the door yielded.

It took me a long moment to realize what had happened. A chair, one of the heaviest in the living room, had been propped against the door. The blinds and curtains were drawn and I knew I had left them up when we had departed for an overnight visit. I peered about the eerily dim room, checking off familiar objects in their familiar places. Only they were not all in their familiar places. And then I looked beyond the living room and saw that the balcony door and window were open.

Someone had been here. A burglar had broken into our flat.

It was several paralyzed moments more before it dawned on me the burglar must have long since fled. I was all alone, for my husband was putting the car away. I'm not a very brave person and I just stood rivetted to the threshold, looking.

I saw my husband's black bag (he is a doctor) emptied on the living room floor, the broadloom scattered with shining instruments and gauze and vials. I saw coats and walking stick and the familiar contents of a family hall closet tossed about. Book matches littered the floor at my feet. Horrified, hurt and afraid, I rushed to a neighbor's and phoned the police.

By that time my husband was coming up the walk.

"We've been broken into," I said. "The place has been burgled." I remember thinking how ungrammatical "burgled" sounded.

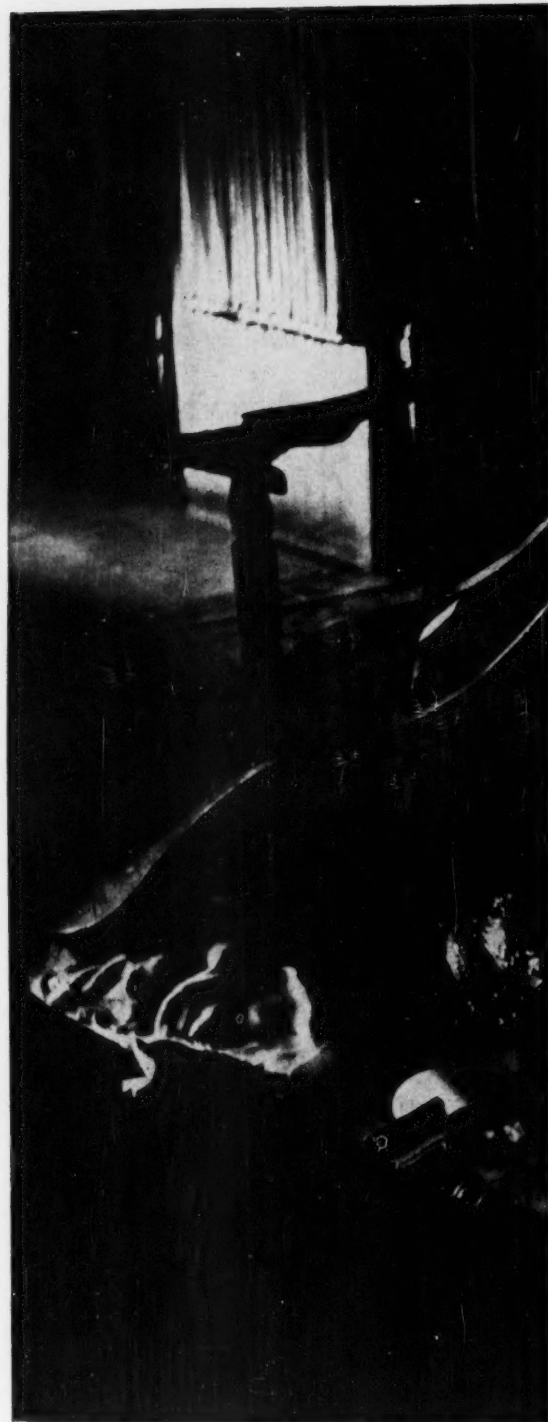


Photo by Rockett

It was Easter week. We had gone away Saturday morning and returned late Sunday afternoon. In six months, that was the only night no one had been at home.

Now I know that burglars have broken into thousands of other houses. (There are two hundred burglaries a year in Toronto, where I live.) I know, too, that everyone who has opened his or her front door on the heels of callous thieves will know how I felt. They'll understand the chilling fear, the quick inspection of utter confusion, the swift reaction of anger. For a break-in is only a word until you've had one.

From the moment I pushed against the door and sent that heavy chair toppling, coming home has never been the same. How can anyone be sure it won't happen again? Months later, I still pause for a long moment after I have opened



the door, I still take a searching look at the hall and living room just as I did on that Easter Sunday afternoon.

Worst of all, I never open a bureau drawer without feeling a moment's revulsion at the thought of strangers pawing through personal apparel, treasured letters and mementos.

Every time we go out of the house, now, I recall the pointed remarks police made, and I double check all our locks. I'm now a worrywart about going away week ends; and at this time of year I'm torn between leaving Christmas lights glowing—for protection as well as cheer—and turning them off for fear they'll seem to advertise better than usual pickings.

My husband and I went into our home together that Easter Sunday afternoon, without waiting for the police. Cautiously we looked about. Maybe in mystery stories those first few

minutes when the owners return home after a burglary are crystal clear. My recollection is one of confusion and uncertainty and even of incredulity. But that state of mind didn't last long. Soon we were fighting mad.

The confusion in the hall and living room were the least of it. In the dining room, linen drawers were dumped out on the floor, tablecloths and napkins and place mats strewn amid a tangle of silver entrée dishes, a sharp carving knife and a mass of cutlery. The contents of the desk where we keep all our household accounts were tossed on the floor, cheque stubs and receipts for years back hopelessly mixed up like confetti. An heirloom ivory box that once belonged to Sir Isaac Newton lay near by, shattered.

The bedroom was even worse. Lingerie and shoes and coat hangers were everywhere. Nylon

stockings from one drawer had become inexplicably tangled with an old bunch of keys from another drawer and now lay snarled beyond use in the middle of the floor. My bed was a shambles of costume jewelry, toilet articles, upturned drawers, church envelopes, pictures.

One of my dressing table lamps lurched crazily on the rug at the foot of the bed, its crystal drops torn off. Over its charred shade was draped the coat of my husband's suit, also charred right through between the shoulders—though why, I didn't immediately understand. Clothes from the closets were slung over chairs in an untidy heap like the receiving counter in a dry cleaning establishment. And everywhere, in every room, burned matches had scarred tables and floors and chairs and even beds, while white blobs of hardened candle wax spotted upholstery, rugs, tables and desks.

We had completed our first hurried and horrified inspection when the door bell rang. The police had come.

Crime by Candlelight

They came, two plainclothesmen, without sirens or flashing lights. They looked the place all over and then asked, "Have you touched anything?"

We hadn't had time to touch anything yet.

"Better leave all smooth surfaces for the fingerprint men," one advised. He particularly mentioned a cigarette box, some of the silver dishes, the window ledges, all casually and calmly. And then he paused in front of the desk where several burned book matches had charred the paper and envelopes.

"You're lucky you didn't have a fire, too," he said.

For a swift moment I was furious. All this carnage, this violation of our privacy—and now the police telling us we were lucky we hadn't had a fire, too.

"Looks like the same gang of young punks," he went on, peering at the splotches of candle wax spattered on the coffee table. "They've broken into five other places around here in the past two weeks."

That snapped me out of my self-pity. To the police, I realized almost with a shock, this invasion of our home was just another burglary.

Between them those two officers gave us some idea of what had probably happened. The "young punks" had been cruising city streets the evening before when we were away, looking for just such a "setup." The lack of lights was probably the tip-off; and probably they took the precaution to phone from a nearby paybox as a double check. But it's unlikely they actually broke in until much later, maybe three a.m., when they were sure we weren't coming home.

The police didn't hesitate to point out that the burglary might never have happened had we taken reasonable precautions. Worse than leaving no lights on, was letting the faulty catch on the balcony window go unrepaired. The sergeant locked the window, went out on the third floor balcony (easily accessible by a flight of service stairs) and showed us how he could open it merely by thumping the catch with his fist. The window open, *Continued on page 60*



When they come

HOLIDAY MENU

Santa Claus Appetizer

Roast Turkey

Celery Nut Stuffing

Buttered Broccoli

Orange Squash

Parsley Potatoes

Cranberry Sauce

Christmas Jellies and Relishes

Mince Pie

Yuletide Pudding

Nuts, Raisins, Cheese

Beverage



home for Christmas

TWENTY-SIX people sit down for turkey dinner in Fredericton when Mrs. H. A. Hanson's family circle meets for Christmas, and after dinner the eleven grandchildren stage a concert.

At the Staceys' in Beaverlodge, Alta., dinner is eaten to the merry tinkle of Swedish angel bells in a novel centrepiece. On Stuart Island, in an inlet on the B. C. coast, there is no church, so the family of Mrs. Peter Dyck begin their observances by listening to the Church of England service on the radio. And in Toronto the D. F. Downeys start their celebrations Christmas Eve, when fifty friends and relatives gather to eat a buffet supper, hang ornaments on the tree, hear the Christmas story read from the Bible, and sing carols.

This is Christmas, Chatelaine family style, as the editors discovered by interviewing 2,000 Chatelaine Councilors from coast to coast. We found out that the great majority of Chatelaine families (88%) celebrate Christmas at home or with relatives; virtually all (93%) sit the whole crowd down together (even if it means borrowing banquet tables from the Sunday school); and few (14%) would tolerate a Christmas celebrated in any but traditional style.

"I wouldn't change it for the world," declares Mrs. Gwendolyn Ready of Ottawa.

Hence this ten-page package of holiday ideas to help you prepare for the great moment "When they come home for Christmas" . . . prepared to meet *your* needs as reported in our survey of Chatelaine readers. Institute Director Marie Holmes conducts a special "Christmas Dinner Review" (page 30) to help organize your big day. Fashion and Beauty Editor Rosemary Boxer comes up with some stunning ideas for accessories you can make yourself to brighten your holiday wardrobe or use as gifts (page 22).

Even the tradition lovers beg for new ideas for table decorations, evening snacks, gifts and after-dinner games, and the Institute's Peggy Stroud and Marion Graham tackle all four problems for you, if you'll just turn this page.

Above all else, readers say they crave new and novel ways of packaging gifts, which demand inspired our Christmas cover and the how-to-wrap-them pictures starting on page 24. And, as a happy bonus, there's a delightful "true fairytale" to read to the children (you'll catch the adults eavesdropping) on page 20—the story of a kitten named Christmas who went to live with Princess Elizabeth.

So here is Chatelaine's Christmas gift to you—a packetful of plots and plans for the easiest, happiest Christmas yet.

Novel decorations, snacks, gifts, games—Page 18

A holiday story to read to the whole family—Page 20

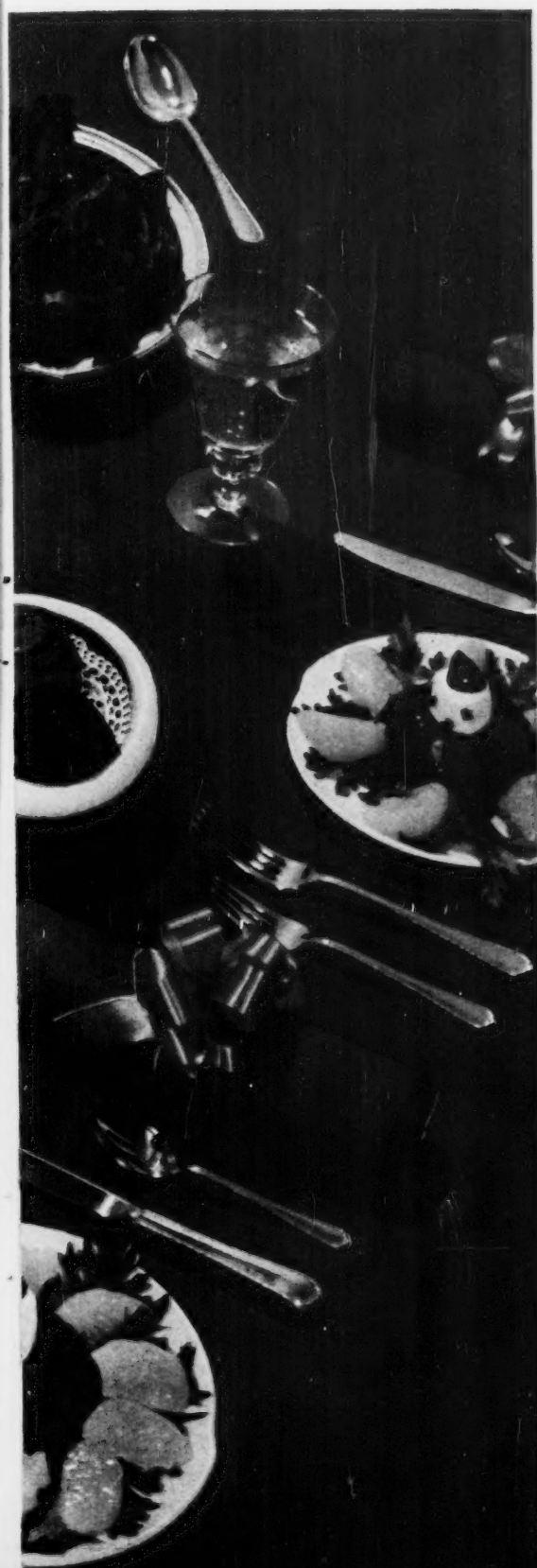
Festive fashions you can make yourself—Page 22

Ten original ways to wrap your presents—Page 24

The Institute's Christmas Dinner Review—Page 30

YOUR HOLIDAY TABLE sparkles with the season's color scheme, your best silver, crystal and china. The tablecloth is red felt, cut to fit, the edges scalloped. For the centre graceful twigs dipped in gold paint—a fancy candle on a plastic snow base, fluffy tulle and gold satin bows, sprigs of holly in an arrangement you can make

yourself. Same gold ribbon ties napkins to look like crackers. Dinner's off to a cheery start with the appetizer course that's both decorative and refreshing. Jelly and marshmallow Santa Clauses centre a ring of grapefruit sections—to be eaten while the turkey's carved. Mint and apple jellies add Christmas flavor and color.





When they come home for Christmas

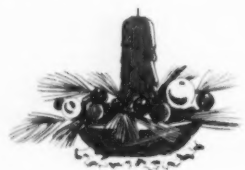
Make these

DECORATIONS

for your mantel and table



GIANT STOCKINGS (above) hung on your front door will delight the neighborhood and welcome your guests in a holiday spirit. The Christmas stocking, gleaming bow and green background streamers all are cut from oilcloth and so are sturdy enough to withstand the weather. The perky bells are paper drinking cups. Cover them with aluminum foil, or color them with poster paint and then with luminous paint. Small colored balls are easily wired to the cups to form the clappers. **MANTEL PIECE** (right). Three fragrant boughs of evergreen decked with shiny tree ornaments make a simple but effective decoration on your mantel or hall table. We have used a toy sleigh for a container with a kitchen-borrowed bake pan set inside to hold a little water and keep the branches fresh and green. (If your children haven't a toy sleigh like this, you can make one of cardboard covered with bright red paper.) Arrange the branches on a pinpoint flower holder in a triangle

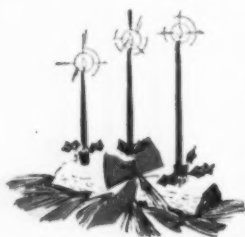


(the central branch should be a little longer to give height to your design).

CANDLE CENTREPIECE for your coffee table (left). A fat red candle rising from a wooden salad or fruit bowl is ringed with pine boughs. Tuck glittering colored ornaments among the greens to pick up the candle's glow. An interesting variation of this uses a ring mold

in place of the bowl. Pile greens into the mold, place candles in the centre space.

DANCING SNOWBALLS in a glass bowl (right) look pretty on your Christmas dinner table. Let them be reflected in a mirror plaque wreathed in spangled greenery. For an even more dramatic effect, flank the mirror with gleaming tapers. The snowballs are mothballs of course and the liquid to make them dance is made by mixing 2 tablespoons of baking soda and 1 tablespoon of citric acid with 2 cups of water colored bright green. (Color the water with vegetable coloring.) For best results use a small bowl with a narrow top and be sure that the mothballs are fresh and whole. If they don't dance at once, add more citric acid. And here's an important tip—if they begin to stop dancing, add more soda and citric acid. (For a party, have these mixed ready for quick "doctoring".)



YULE LOG for your buffet table. Spread a thin plaster of paris mixture over a rough log. Nail three ketchup bottle tops to it, upside down, as holders for the tall red tapers. (A little melted paraffin will hold candles straight and firmly in place.) Tie a holly sprig around each cap with narrow ribbon and tack a big red bow and pine needles near the centre.

Serve these

SNACKS

to holiday guests



PANCAKE STARS Attractive on the plate and Christmas-like too, are these delicious cranberry pancakes (left) served layer-cake fashion. Prepare your favorite sweet pancake batter and try your hand at flipping 8 or 9-inch pancakes. Make only 4 for

one star. Spread 3 pancakes with cranberry sauce then top with the fourth. Cut into wedges and place each wedge with point facing out. Serve warm or cold with fluffy cream cheese and cashews. Delicious with small sausages and crisp relishes.

TANGY PUNCH BOWL Just right for an evening of Christmas games or chatter is this quickly made punch. Combine 1 tin of frozen orange juice, 1 (20-ounce) can apple juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 tablespoon maraschino cherry juice. Just before serving drop in several whole cherries and add 2 cups gingerale. Pour into tall frosted glasses (dip the rims in lemon juice, then in icing sugar). Serves 8.

CRANBERRY STAR SALAD So easy to prepare in the early evening for a salad snack at midnight. It sparkles, too! On a large leaf of lettuce pile turkey-celery salad or pineapple coleslaw. Then top with stars cut from slices of jellied cranberry sauce. Serve with crisp rolls, relishes and steaming coffee.

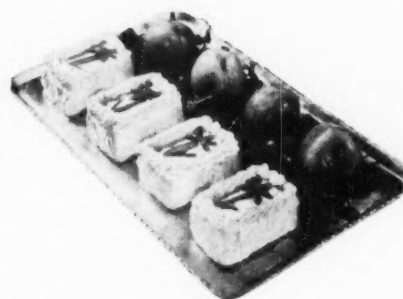
FRENCH TOAST SURPRISES It's popular with all and particularly appealing to the hostess as only a few minutes of party time are needed to display this tasty treat. Before guests arrive make sandwiches with lots of turkey filling. Chill till snack time. Then dip each sandwich in a mixture of 2 eggs beaten with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk and seasonings. Fry in fat or butter till brown on both sides. Serve with crisp relishes.

TURKEY-TOPPED WAFFLES Here's an evening snack where the guests are cooks. And it's easy to make. A plate piled high with waffles, a toaster and a large ovenproof bowl of creamed turkey on a candle warmer are the needed supplies. The waffles are reheated in the toaster, then topped with creamed turkey in the amount each guest desires. After the waffles are eaten, a pot of steaming coffee replaces the creamed turkey on the warmer.

INDIVIDUAL PARTY LOAVES

Here's sandwich fare with a party flair. These festive loaves can be made hours ahead of time, then refrigerated until ready for serving. Remove crusts from slices of wholewheat and white bread. Cut slices in half. There are 3 layers in each miniature loaf. Prepare 2 fillings, one turkey or chicken and the other egg or cheddar cheese and pecans. Spread first layer with turkey filling, cover with half slice of bread, then second filling and finally the third half slice. Frost these loaves with cream cheese that has been softened with a little cream. Flute edges with a fork or pastry tube. Flower decorations are made with pimento petals and green pepper leaves. Chill. Serve with cold, spiced peaches on a bed of watercress.

ICE CREAM BELLS Make a batch of chocolate cupcakes. When cool cut in half from top to bottom. Ice the uncut sides with pink or green icing. Then place on a slice of vanilla ice cream. Add a rim of sliced maraschino cherries, a whole cherry for the clapper, and a loop of citron peel at the top.





Wrap these GIFTS from your kitchen

Festive parcels from your kitchen—what could be a happier holiday answer to the Christmas gift question? Everyone will appreciate the thoughtfulness of something you've made yourself—the present only you can give. Here are gift-worthy suggestions from the Institute to help you plan your list.

SUGARPLUM TREE A fresh-baked Christmas tree rates a special welcome on any Yuletide table. Use either sweet yeast or drop tea-biscuit dough, made with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour for one tree. Dough should be soft enough to drop by spoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet into a triangle about 8 inches tall with a 6-inch base. Start at the top with 1 spoonful, second row drop 2 spoonfuls, third row 3 spoonfuls and so on to 6 spoonfuls in the last row. Add a larger spoonful for the tree trunk. If you use a yeast dough place the spoonfuls $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch apart, let rise and bake at 350 deg. F. for about 25 minutes. Using biscuit dough, place spoonfuls just touching and bake at 450 deg. F. for 15 to 20 minutes.

When tree is almost cool, drizzle icing into crevices and top with red cherries. Wrap in transparent green film and your gift looks as festive as the season.

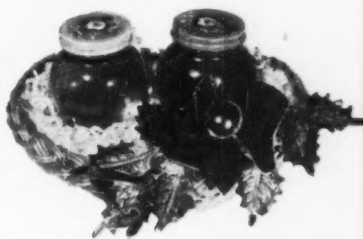
TWIN JARS of your favorite jelly, jam, relish or pickles will convey a warm Merry Christmas wish. They'll look pretty and be doubly welcome cradled in a little basket that can do duty later for fruit, hot rolls or perhaps for darning materials. (Look for more ways to wrap preserves on page 21.)

Even if your stock of preserves is already at a low ebb you needn't be discouraged. You can make delicious jams with frozen fruits or a winter chili sauce with canned tomatoes. Or glowing mint or wine jellies can be prepared any time and will be sure to please.

You may like to send jellies in the season's colors like those shown on our Christmas table on the previous page. They will brighten any holiday feast. Bright apple, currant or cranberry jelly are ideal for the red mold shown in the color photo. Use mint jelly for the green—or you can make a beautiful green relish mold in no time with a lime jelly powder this way: Make up the jelly as directed on the package. When partially set, fold in about 1 cup of sweet green relish. Then turn into moistened jelly jars and chill. Include a little card with this gift to explain that it is for immediate use.

GAY COOKIE CRACKER Your holiday cookies in a Christmas cracker will be the glamour gift of the season. Choose small, round cookies to fit the "cracker" which is a Christmas-wrapped cardboard tube (of the type on which waxed paper is wound).

The fan bow trimmings are easily made from tissue paper or cellulose film. Cut a piece 9 inches square and fold one width in accordion pleats. Tie around centre, spread pleated ends and fasten with transparent tape. Add ribbon bow and attach the fans to both ends of cracker. Complete with diagonal ribbon.



Play these GAMES around table and tree



When Chatelaine families gather for Christmas, Councilors tell us, they like playing games better than anything else except giving presents. Here's a sleighful of games to play before, during and after dinner.

DESIGN CHRISTMAS BONNET While finishing touches are added to dinner, give each guest a square of colored crepe paper, several Christmas stickers and a length of ribbon. Scotch tape and scissors should be available, too. Set a time limit of 10 minutes within which each player must design and make a hat for Christmas and present a prize for most original creation.

PICK-UP CHRISTMAS TREES This one will delight the children and anyone else who's limber enough for some mild calisthenics. Small trees cut from green tissue paper are dropped all around the room on tables, chairs and rugs. Each contestant is given a gay-colored soda straw with which, at the word "start," he tries to pick up a paper tree by inhaling. Player runs to a table and deposits tree in a plate bearing his name—and the scramble goes on till all the trees have been collected. A prize may be awarded the player whose dish holds the most Christmas trees when the game is over.

AUNT SUSIE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT Here's a memory game the whole family can play while father carves the turkey. The leader starts off by saying, "I bought Aunt Susie an armchair for Christmas." The next person continues, "I bought Aunt Susie an armchair and a bobby-pin for Christmas". So it goes around the table, each person repeating the list and adding a new present which begins with the next letter of the alphabet. The player who gets mixed up or can't think of a present must drop out, until the winner is left alone and triumphant.

TRAVELING WITH SANTA If you want to accompany Santa Claus on his journey you have to know the right things to take. There should be two people in the know in this game. Ron can go with Santa Claus if he takes a radio, Mary can go if she takes a mirror, while Jane can't go as she wanted to wear slippers. Catch on? You have to take articles that begin with the first letter of your Christian name. Each person tries their luck till they discover the secret.

SANTA CLAUS' BAG OF GIFTS After presents have been opened (and while nobody's noticing) the hostess collects a number of small gifts on a tray—a dozen or so. These gifts are shown to the guests for several minutes—then the tray is whisked from sight and three of the gifts removed. The tray is shown about again to find out how many or how few of the group can remember the missing gifts.

MUSIC-GO-ROUND Everyone suffering from too much turkey is seated on chairs in a large circle. A big lightweight parcel (containing lots of packing material and a tiny gift) is tossed from one person to another as music is played. When the music stops, the person caught with the parcel must drop out. Soon there will be lots of gaps in the circle and the music plays faster and faster. Last one remaining in the circle is left "holding the bag"—and the prize.

FINDING A CHRISTMAS TREE Offer a prize to the person who can tear the most attractive Christmas tree from a sheet of newspaper. This one's for evening parties because players should be required to do their "art work" in the dark and with a time limit of two minutes.



When they come home for Christmas

HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL

A KITTEN NAMED CHRISTMAS

Who Went to Live with Princess Elizabeth

By PHYLLIS GUEST

Copyright H. A. & W. L. Pitkin Ltd., London

THE FIRST CAT EVER to rival Dick Whittington's in the affections of English children is a beautiful Siamese kitten with chocolate-colored ears and three names. Born five years ago this month the kitten was seasonally nicknamed Christmas until his mistress, District Nurse Phyllis Guest of Corsham, Wilts., near Bristol, conceived the dazzling idea of presenting him to the then Princess Elizabeth as a wedding gift, and gave him the more regal title of Corsham Royal Boy.

The people of Corsham (where Prince Philip was for a time a Navy instructor) called to pay their respects to Boy, as did a delegation of newspaper photographers. Then Mistress wrote a children's story about how Boy was trained to become a pet for a princess—and the Siamese kitty began to gather fame. But by the time the story appeared as a picture book on the newsstands it was necessary to add a postscript explaining that the kitten, having "settled down most happily in his new home at Windlesham Moor with his beloved Princess," was now "affectionately known as Timmy."

Doting English parents, godmothers and nannies by the thousands plucked the slim book from dealers' racks almost as fast as it appeared, and hustled off to read it aloud to bright-eyed toddlers. "The Story of Timmy, Princess Elizabeth's Siamese Kitten," quickly won a place on nursery shelves beside Babar the Elephant and Christopher Robin's friend Pooh. After three years it remains such a lively favorite that the editors of *Chatelaine* thought Christmas (or Boy or Timmy) should have a chance to make thousands of new friends among young Canadians—not to mention cat lovers of all other ages.

A further and final footnote must be added. Christmas, the kitty who went to live with a Princess, never became Timmy the cat who lived with a Queen. For Christmas was a village cat of peaceful



"Christmas" went to Buckingham Palace in this basket. By then he was called "Boy"—until his Princess renamed him "Timmy."

ways, and after he moved to Clarence House he came off second-best in a rough-and-tumble with a brace of battle-toughened London tabbies—jealous, probably, of the new royal favorite.

That was the end of Christmas Corsham Royal Boy Timmy—but not in the hearts of the many British children who already treasure him, nor the Canadian youngsters to whom *Chatelaine* readers introduce him this Christmas season. But don't deny that pleasure to the grownups as well. When your family gathers for Christmas this is a story you will want to read aloud to old as well as young—particularly if there are any cat lovers in the family circle.

SUSAN MUFFET, and her husband, Holway Tito, were talking as they walked around the garden.

"Princess Elizabeth is going to be married," said Tito.

"Yes, I know," said Susan, "to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten."

"He's in the Royal Navy, and stationed in Corsham," said Tito.

"Goodness gracious me! That's where I live," said Susan. "We must do something about this, Tito."

"Do something? What do you mean—do something?"

"Just you leave this to me, Tito. I must talk this over with my Mistress," replied Susan.

"Please yourself, my dear," said Tito.

"I always do," she said, as she hurried off in search of Mistress.

Mistress was working in the vegetable garden. Susan Muffet, rolling at her feet, purring loudly, told her she had decided that the Muffet family must send Princess Elizabeth a wedding present, but she didn't know what to suggest. Mistress seemed to understand perfectly. She took off her gardening gloves and, gathering Susan into her arms, carried her indoors by the fire.

"Well, Susan Muffet, what can we do about it?" she said.

"I could send her my green and silver collar," said Susan.

"I don't think that would do," said Mistress.

"Well, how about my ping-pong ball?" said Susan.

"But the kittens would miss it so much," said Mistress.

Kittens? Kittens! Who said kittens? Susan Muffet sat bolt upright. Her whiskers twitched and stuck out stiffly.

STORY FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

FOX PHOTOS

"I've got it! I shall send her one of my kittens; the best, most beautiful, softest and most darling kitten I've ever had."

"Susan, darling, are you sure you can spare one of your own children?" Mistress looked at her very kindly. Susan stared back at her. Her large blue eyes were steady and solemn.

"Yes, I can," she said, "because, you see, I love Princess Elizabeth." Then she walked up to the nursery.

The Muffet kittens sat in a row in front of the fire. They were very small because they were only four weeks old. Santa, Nicholas, Jolly and Christmas, the four boys, and little Holly, the only girl.

Susan looked at them one by one.

Santa—his ears were a little too big. He wouldn't do. Nicholas—his eyes were not quite blue enough. He could not go. Jolly? Jolly was lovely, but he had a white smudge on his nose, so he could not go. Holly—dear little Holly, but she was far too small.

Christmas? Christmas was beautiful. He had tiny pointed chocolate-colored ears, a little brown snub nose, eyes of a deep forget-me-not blue, and a curly tail, very curly it was, and best of all, Christmas was most friendly and seemed to love everybody.

Yes, Christmas was the one. Susan washed his face thoroughly, looked him over again, and then made up her mind. Princess Elizabeth would surely love Christmas. She would not be able to help it. Giving a parting lick to his sweet face, Susan walked, tail erect, out of the nursery.

Finding her mistress, she jumped onto her shoulder and, laying her soft face against Mistress' cheek, said: "I have decided to send Christmas to Buckingham Palace."

"But, Susan darling, he is not nearly old enough."

"All the better," said Susan. "There's so much for him to learn. He must learn first to wash properly, inside his ears, and at the back of his neck, both most important. He must learn to walk straight, not to gambol about all over the place, and his table manners are so bad. He slops his bread and milk everywhere, and gets potato on his whiskers, and somehow I must make him understand he must not sharpen his claws on the chairs and carpet. And, of course, he must be taught how to bow, and—"

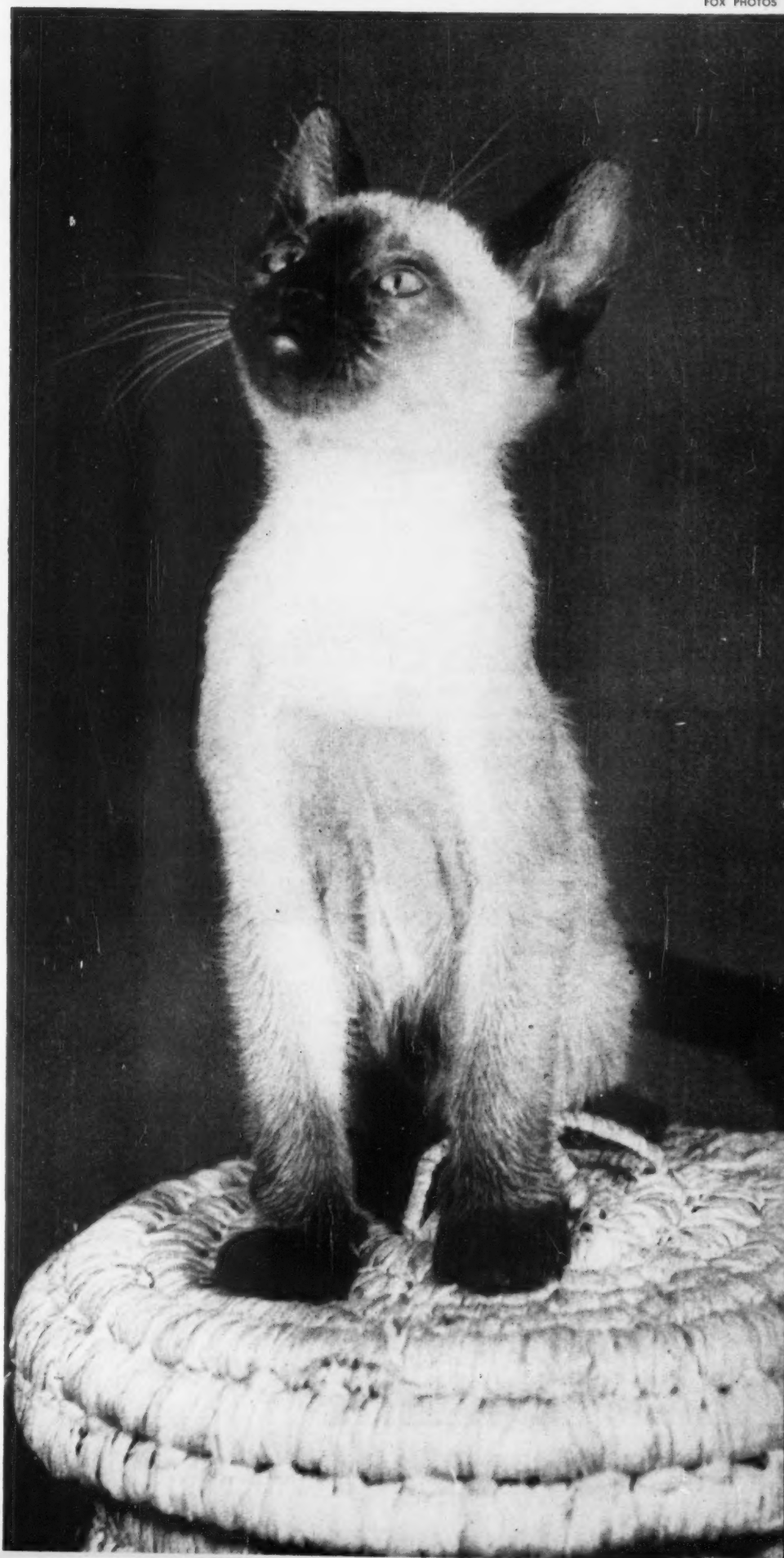
Mistress stroked Susan softly.

"I think first we had better make sure the Princess will accept him. She may not like little Siamese kittens. I will write and ask her."

Susan Muffet spent the next few days in a fever of impatience, but one morning the postman brought a large white envelope with a scarlet royal crest on the back. Inside was a letter from Buckingham Palace

Continued on page 52

The kitten didn't like posing on Mistress' work basket until his mother told him royalty were always most polite about having pictures taken.





When they come home for Christmas

FESTIVE FASHIONS



Vivacious "Can-Can" reversible skirt made from four yards 70-inch felt. Cut in one piece with reversible zipper closing at back. Late-day side has four tiers of tulle skirted on with ruffler. Instructions for stole and slippers on page 54.



1. Trim a classic cardigan with sequin trim (takes about 1½ yds.)

2. Sew readymade sequin arrangement onto pullover or jersey. Trim to within ¼" of sequins, turn net under and slip-stitch invisibly on reverse side. 3. Trim separates with 1½" braid.

Put it on a turtle-neck sweater and on the pocket of contrasting fabric sewn onto a full skirt. With

same fabric make a 4" belt using braid frogs to close. 4. Clutch buttons on blouses or sweaters. Take two matching extras, remove backs and glue onto metal earring clasps. 5. Adorn a beret with unstrung beads and pearls. 6. Fascia belt from 36" material, 3 yds. long. Featherbone 3" from the centre at either side (fits 26" waist). Bind remainder to tie in front. 7. Grosgrain ribbon belt 6" x 6" cut in half. Featherbone the four sides. Two extra-large hooks and eyes for centre-closing. At opposite ends from centre closing insert 3 large eyelets. Use velvet tubing or silk cord and weave from eyelet to eyelet. Pull to fit.



Sketches by Jean Miller

YOU CAN MAKE

By Rosemary Boxer



"Can-Can" reversible, day-side out, with rustling tulle beneath. Stitching is covered with four bands of one-inch braid (takes about 10 yds.). Sewing instructions for waist cincher and braid slippers on page 54.



8. Fur neckline bow from 2 yds. fur fabric, satin lined.

Turn ends under and slip-stitch sides together. 9. One-inch wide elastic and 6-inch wide lace. Turn lace in $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches and stitch $1\frac{1}{2}$ " from the fold. Then thread elastic through, shirring the lace until it fits snug around the arm. Sew.

Lace frill is approximately 4 inches wide. 10. Cut velvet ribbon to fit around head or neck. Make a permanent bow.

Add ermine tails and dome-close. 11. A new-look apron from an old sheet. First, dye it, then cut to desired length leaving selvage edge for hem. Keep thin part at centre and shirr onto a waistband. Sew ball fringe to selvage edge. Use the remainder of the sheet for sash and pocket.

12. Half a yard of grosgrain ribbon tied in a permanent bow. Attach face veiling at both sides. 13. Cut fur fabric with razor into 4 x 10-inch strips.

Stitch them together to form daisy chain.



When they come home for Christmas

BE CREATIVE

NOT COSTLY ON WRAPS

Boxes by Dorothy Lash Colquhoun
Photos by Paul Rockett

Even if you have ten thumbs when it comes to tying a simple bow, you can make any of the gift wraps you see on our cover this month. Our cover girl shows you the basic steps in package wrapping on this page, and for instructions about ten packages that are more creative than costly see page 26.

Here are some of the wrapping materials you can use, found right in your own home: Shelf paper is cheap, comes in thirteen- and eighteen-inch rolls and in colors of red, yellow, green and white. Wallpaper, especially all-over patterns or plaids, look distinctive—and deceptively expensive. (If you don't need a whole roll, split it with a friend.) Odd ends of cloth, railway timetables, road maps, oilcloth, are other items that will give your gifts an individual flavor.

To tie up your parcels, raid the sewing basket for rickrack, bias tape, wool—or simply cut your own from bright cotton or felt with pinking shears. As for trimmings, anything goes—odd buttons, glamour pins, earrings, playing cards, all can be glued on for decoration. Pictures from last year's Christmas cards, magazines, slogans from newspapers dress up your gift and cost nothing but time.

Delight a child by gluing candy canes, gold-wrapped chocolate coins or sticks of chewing gum across the top of his parcel. (See cover.)

If you have an embryonic artist, turn him loose to finger paint an original design for grandma's present. They'll both love it.

For ten gift wraps that cost little and look much, turn overleaf to page 26.



1. Cut paper to fit the box. Be careful with wallpaper, as it's brittle and breaks very easily.



2. Lay the box on the paper and bring paper around, making sure it fits snugly at all corners.



3. Fasten edges together with tape or seals. Mitre corners neatly by folding in the sides.



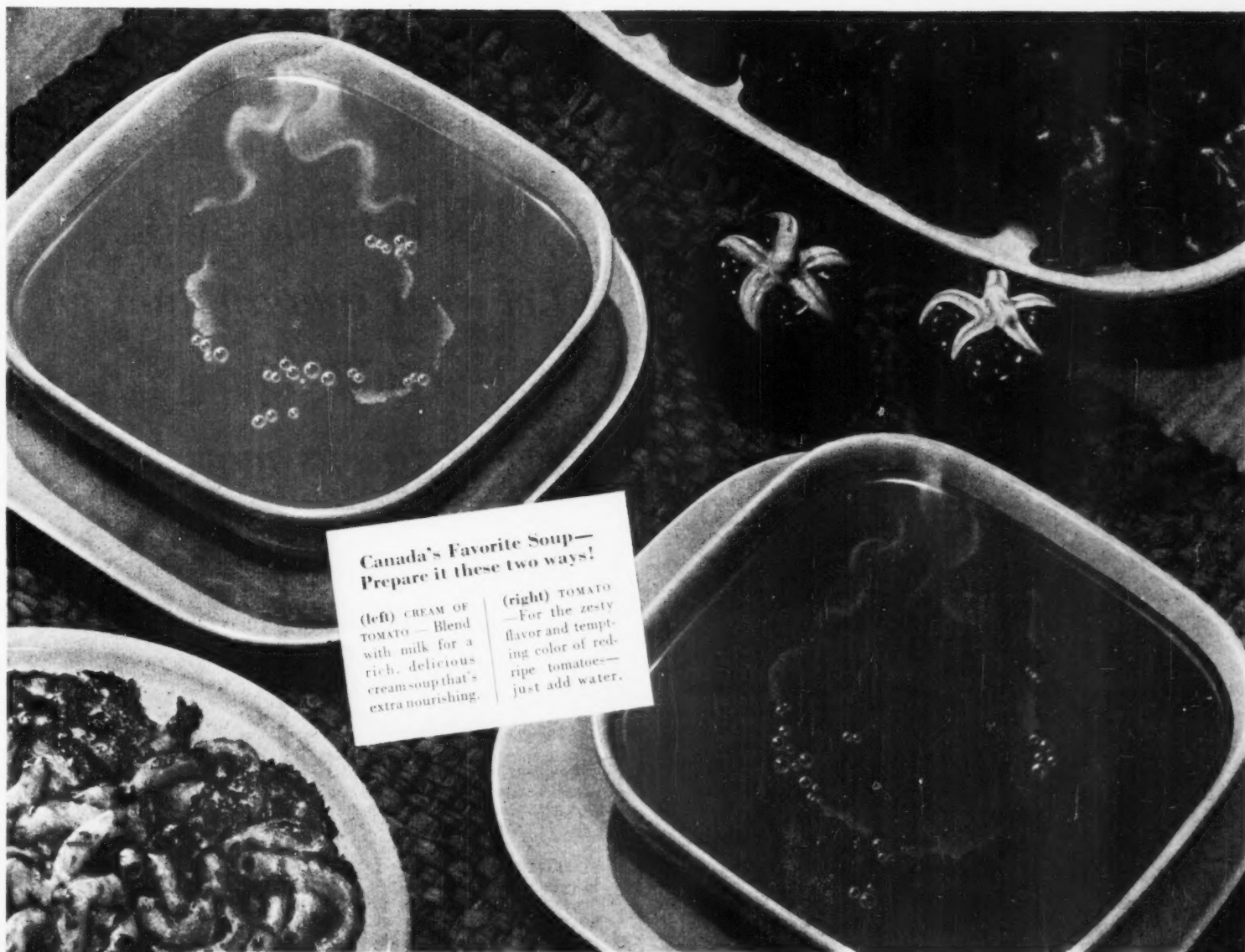
4. Bring top flap down and bottom flap up. Seal. Flap must be no longer than depth of box.



5. Angle ribbon over top corner. Bring it across bottom and up across opposite corner. Tape.



6. For this package, make the "sporrán" by cutting the wire handle off an ordinary pastry brush. To cover the metal, make a separate flat bow. Pin the bow and brush to your gift with a blanket pin from any notions counter.



**Canada's Favorite Soup—
Prepare it these two ways!**

**(left) CREAM OF
TOMATO**—Blend
with milk for a
rich, delicious
cream-soup that's
extra nourishing.

(right) TOMATO
—For the zesty
flavor and tempt-
ing color of red-
ripe tomatoes—
just add water.

Turn to TOMATO SOUP

It helps you and your meal planning in so many, many ways.

BY *Anne Marshall*



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company Ltd.

Baffled about a meal? Stay out too long? Hurried...? Guests pop in unexpectedly? Meals grow easily around versatile Tomato Soup. Whatever you serve with it seems to belong: plain or toasted sandwiches... a salad... both—or maybe just with a dessert.

Here's a soup worth thinking about! It fits so nicely into food plans, for this tangy purée of field-ripened tomatoes is always welcomed.

As Soup for Lunch

Luscious, sun-ripened tomatoes, creamery butter and gentle seasonings make it ideal to serve in such a menu as this:

Tomato Soup
Egg Salad Sandwich
Peach Pie

Tea

As a Lift for Hamburgers

Try this grand tomato-onion gravy: Remove cooked hamburgers from skillet. Add ½ cup each of minced onion and diced celery to meat drippings. Season to taste. Cook until tender. Add 1 can tomato soup. Heat thoroughly.

As a Sauce for Macaroni

Tomato Soup makes the perfect cooking sauce for a macaroni and cheese casserole. Use condensed tomato soup in place of old-fashioned white sauce. It's more colorful... tangy. What a treat for the family.



A good cook keeps a full Soup Shelf.



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H. M. THE LATE
KING GEORGE VI

Visit Your Greer First when selecting Christmas Gifts

*He Has Peek Frean's Famous English Biscuits
in Colourful Gift Tins at Popular Prices*

Playbox biscuits for Children . . . Assorted Sweet Biscuits and Cream-Filled Sandwich Biscuits! A variety of biscuits to serve with Cocktails . . . Original gifts . . . and so practical!

\$1.19



ASSORTED CREAM

Assorted cream sandwich biscuits in enameled drum. 1 lb. 15½ oz. \$1.75.

\$1.75



GOOD COMPANIONS

An assortment of Fancy Biscuits in Presentation Drum. 1 lb. \$1.19.



MR. PEEK & MR. FREAN
makers of
Famous English Biscuits

\$1.69



AFTERNOON TEA

Assorted fancy biscuits in an enameled drum. 1 lb. 12¾ oz. \$1.69.

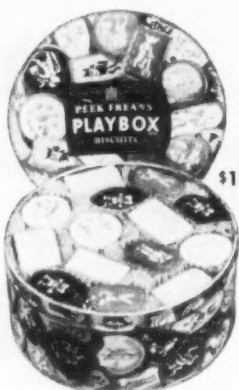
MASTERPIECE

An assortment of afternoon tea biscuits in a hinged tin that has a reproduction of a famous portrait by Hoppner on the cover. 1 lb. 7 oz. \$1.85.

\$1.85



\$1.75



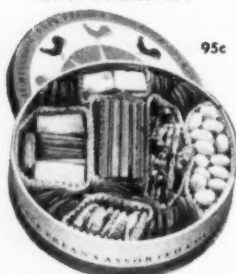
"P.F. PLAYBOX"

for Children

Crisp, sweet biscuits iced with nursery-land characters in varied colours. Enameled 2-lb. drums \$1.75. Tins, \$1.15 and 95c. 8-oz. packets 35c.

Biscuits FOR SERVING WITH COCKTAILS

95c



Assorted Cocktail Biscuits—8 oz. of assorted savoury biscuits for serving with cocktails. 95c.

TWIGLETS—Crisp, thin "twigs" with a savoury flavour. 6 oz.—79c.

FAMILY TINS

\$2.69 & \$3.05

1½ lbs. sweet assorted biscuits in sealed tin. \$2.69.
1½ lbs. Afternoon Tea assorted in sealed tin \$3.05.
1½ lbs. assorted cream biscuits in sealed tin. \$3.05.



PEEK FREAN'S
Famous ENGLISH Biscuits

591

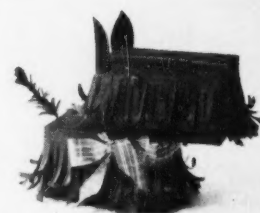
GIFT WRAPPING (Continued from page 24)

*Here are ten
gift wrap ideas.
Let your imagination go.
You'll think of
dozens more.*

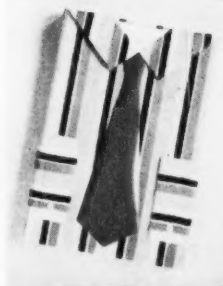
GLAMOUR BOW. This luxurious-looking bow covers the top of your Christmas package. You'll need two and a half yards of a ribbon, three to four inches wide. Start by making an end of ribbon, half as long as your box. Then make four double loops, using for each loop as much ribbon as the length of your box. Pinch all the loops together in the centre and twist a piece of wire around them to keep them in place. Take another length of ribbon and tie it over the wire to make the "Tails." Cut a "V" in the free ends of ribbon.



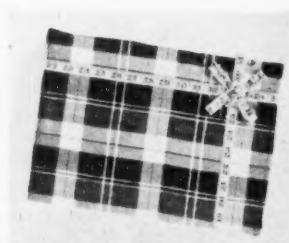
SCOTTIE DOG. A novel way to give two gifts to a child is to make a Scottie. Cover the tops of the two boxes with black crepe paper. Glue double thicknesses around the sides, fringing the paper and curling the ends by pulling them across the blade of a pair of scissors. Glue one box on top of the other for head. Use black felt for ears, black buttons for eyes and finish with a plaid bow. Tail is fringed black crepe paper wound around a wooden stick.

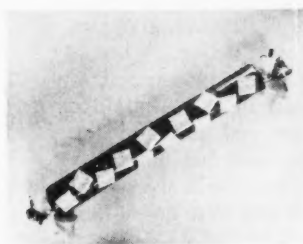
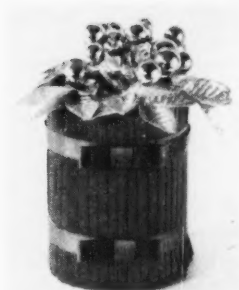
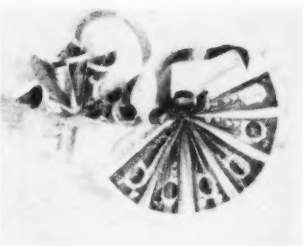


SHIRT. This is an amusing way to wrap a large package for a man, and you can fool him by *not* giving him a shirt inside. Begin by covering the box with striped paper. Then cut two strips about four inches wide and eight inches long to fold back for cuffs. Glue the cuffs in place using plain buttons, glued on for trim. The tie is cut from brightly colored paper and glued in place. Cut two more pieces, about two inches wide on the bias to glue on to make the collar. A white triangular piece of paper in the neck heightens the effect.



CLOTH WRAPS. If your gift should have anything to do with sewing, such as a blouse length and patterns, or material for an apron, wrap the pattern in the material itself. Fold it to fit just as you would with a paper wrap. Stitch or pin it in place. The tie is a tape measure, looped to make a bow and fixed in place with colored hat pins. Brightly colored felt, trimmed and fastened with unusual buttons is another way to wrap a sewing gift.





CANDLE. This is a practical and pretty way to give cookies for Christmas. The cardboard centre from a wax paper roller makes a fine container. Fill it with cookies wrapped in wax paper. Then cover the outside of the roller with metallic paper, taping it together in the middle and turning it in neatly at both ends. Cut the flame of the candle from yellow felt and stick it in the top with a hat pin. The candle idea works out well for all kinds of long, cylindrical gifts—from car tools to a selection of sheet music.

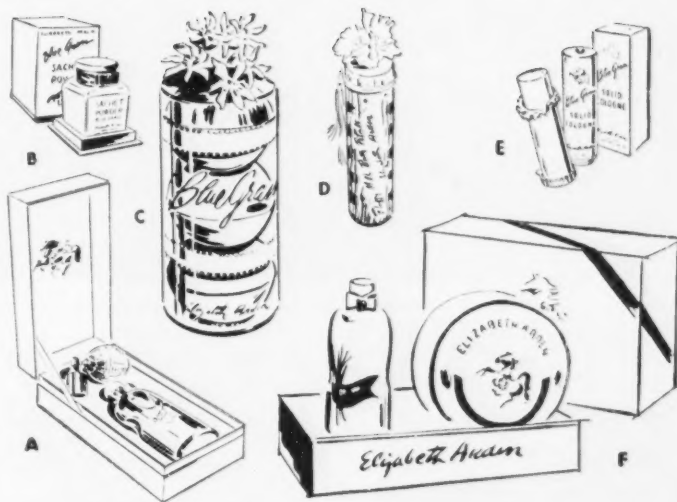
MONEY. No one objects to receiving a handful of bills for Christmas, but it's more fun as a fan or a corsage. The fan is made with pleated bills laid on a lacy paper doily, the ends tied with ribbon. The corsage is made by folding the money in half and making lily-shaped funnels out of each bill. Pull ends through hole in a paper doily. Tie with ribbon. The centres are pipe cleaners twisted with yellow crepe paper.

FLOWERPOT. For gifts that come out of your kitchen like jams and pickles, use the flowerpot wrap. Cut crepe paper one inch taller than your jar and pleat it. Tape it in place and tie two ribbons around. The top can be filled in with pine cones, artificial flowers or Christmas decorations. If you are giving more than one sample of your cooking, arrange the jars of jam, pickles or jelly in a long cardboard florists' box. Cover it with crepe paper and fill in the top so that it looks like a flower box.

MAGAZINE WRAP. A different way of announcing the gift of a magazine subscription is to buy the current issue and make an amusing package of it this way: Wrap the magazine in bright metallic paper. Tie ribbon around both ends and fringe the paper by cutting the ends with scissors. Cut the months of the year from an old calendar pad and glue them higgledy-piggledy along the side. The effect is different and appropriate.

SPLATTER DASH. Cut plain shelf paper to fit your box. Then make a stencil by cutting out the silhouette of a Christmas tree, or some other design on another sheet of paper. Take a small piece of ordinary wire screen (about 12 by 14 inches) folded in about half an inch at the edge to keep it stiff. Place the stencil over your wrapping paper. Hold the screen four inches from it. Dip an old toothbrush in thinned poster paint, ink or house paint. Run the wet brush over the screen to splatter on the design. Let it dry. Then wrap your parcel.

NEWSPAPER. Cover the box with a double thickness of newspaper—the favorite paper of the person for whom the gift is intended—and tape it in place. Tie a ribbon around it. Cut three ribbon ends for trim and fix them in place with sealing wax. Road maps also make good wraps, and are especially effective if you glue a small plastic car on the ribbon "road." Or a railway timetable with a tiny train on a "track." +

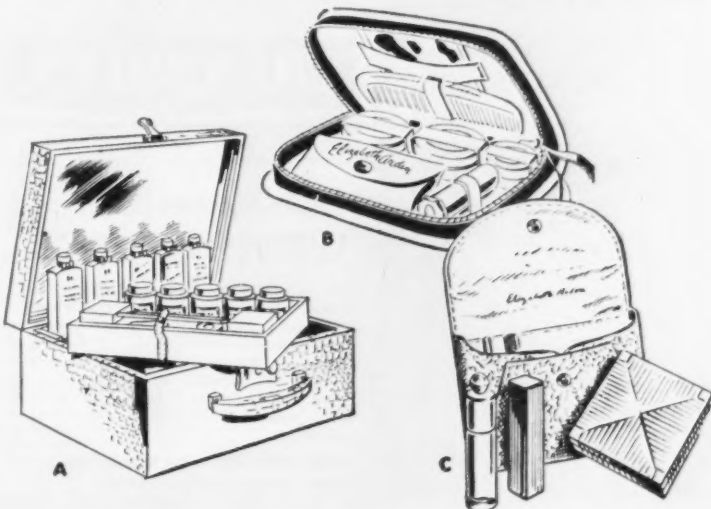


- A—Blue Grass Flower Mist with de luxe Atomizer—in gift box \$3.00
- B—Blue Grass Body Sachet Powder \$3.00
- C—Blue Grass Bath Soap—3 cakes in flowered acetate tube \$3.50
- D—Blue Grass Petal Wafers—for bath-time fragrance \$2.00
- E—Blue Grass Solid Cologne \$1.50
- F—Blue Grass Bath Set with Flower Mist and Dusting Powder \$4.25

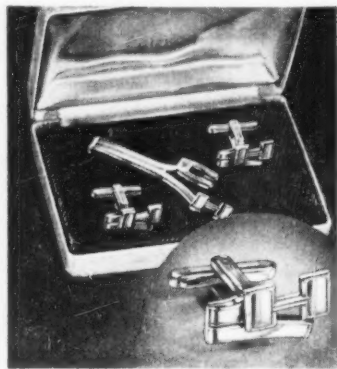
Christmas Inspirations

Here are gifts of loveliness and fragrance . . . gifts that gleam and glisten in their happy wrappings . . . gifts which carry a compliment as well as your best wishes . . . each bearing the famous name of Elizabeth Arden.

- A—Beauty Box—in genuine Cowhide, Alligator grain, Black, Green, Cherry Red or Brown \$55.00; In genuine Rawhide \$65.00
- B—Service Kit—genuine leather in Black, Red or Tan \$7.50
- C—Fashion Case—Perfumair, Compact, Automatic Lipstick, in Gold Brocade Case \$15.00



Christmas Gifts for the *men* in your life



Personalized . . .
Distinguished . . .
In Impeccable Taste

HICKOK INITIAL JEWELLERY

He'll appreciate the superlative styling and craftsmanship of Hickok Initial Jewellery. For example, the Twin-Initial Tie Bar and Cuff Links set shown, in lustrous gold finish, at \$6.50. Other combinations and individual pieces priced from \$2.00. Hickok Jewellery LOOKS like quality. It FEELS like quality. It IS quality.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT AND PRACTICAL — a B.V.D. Nylon Tricot shirt. He'll appreciate your extra thought. It's comfortable for year-round wear . . . perfect for travelling because it washes so easily, dries so quickly, never needs to be ironed. Most fine stores have B.V.D. Nylon Tricots for \$12.95 in blue, tan, grey and white.



Men, as well as women, need gloves, good gloves, to look well-dressed. There is always a correct glove for a definite use, and when the gloves you buy bear the world-famous name PERRIN, you can be sure of splendid, long-lasting quality and perfect cut and craftsmanship.



PERRIN GLOVES

TURNBULL'S Rest-Eze Pyjamas

Our own well tailored design in fine knitted cotton, snug at wrist and ankle. Never bunch or creep up, no buttons or belts, easily washed and need no ironing. Ideal for lounging, too.



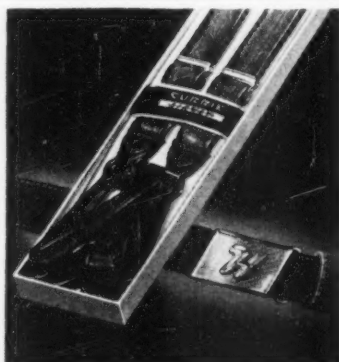
\$4.95
TO
\$6.95

The Ideal Christmas Gift

THE C. TURNBULL CO. LIMITED
Galt Ontario

Makers of the Famous CEETEE Underwear, Turnbull's sport shirts, boxer shorts and True-eze athletic shirts and slugs.

TURNBULL'S



Handsomely styled — Superbly made

HICKOK BELTS CURRIE AIRWAY SUSPENDERS

For a gift both luxurious and practical, there's no better choice than a Hickok belt in genuine top-grain leather with beautiful gold-and-silver finish buckle. If he prefers suspenders, be sure you choose Currie Airway — with the exclusive leather rings at the three action points, that give greater comfort, more freedom of movement. Choice of 6 colors.

Hickok Belts with initial buckles from \$3.00
Currie Airway Suspenders: \$1.50

It's Easy to Buy for a Man

It's easy to buy gifts for the men in your life if you follow a few simple rules that apply to all males regardless of age or size.

First, there is the problem of color preference. Many women think men are color unconscious and therefore when Christmas comes along believe it's a grand opportunity to change all of that. Ladies — don't do it! Instead, give him what he likes, not what you think he should like. When it comes to color, stick to the colors he already wears. For example, if, when he brings home a new tie, it's a mixture of red and blue, then give him a new red and blue tie. Change the pattern combination if you wish but don't mix up the colors. So, on the matter of color, check over what he mostly wears in all his clothes and put that down first on the list.

Now about pattern. Each season patterns change in almost everything a man wears, but don't let that upset you. Again we say, check his present wardrobe, or for that matter, probably you know him well enough to be sure that his taste is either conservative or flamboyant. If he likes 'em big, bold and garish, then that's what to get him. But for goodness sake, if he's quiet and conservative, Christmas is no time to

For the first time in the world

Penman's EXCLUSIVE

2-SOLE SOCKS

for twice the comfort

For the first time in the world, a two-sole sock with insulating air space. The soft outside finish is now next to your foot. A smart range of new styles and colors at leading stores.



Some softness inside as outside Rough surface turned out Air space between soles for insulation

A SYMBOL OF QUALITY



"The Right Clothes At The Right Time" make the right gifts.



GIFT WITH FUN ... PRACTICAL TOO!

Welcome! Smart! Masculine! Give him the certificate for Christmas — he makes his choice of a hat at any time within a year. The fine hat makers listed below — offer a novel and colourful miniature hat, box and gift certificate **FREE** available at the men's shop convenient to you . . . prices range from \$5.00 up.

ADAM • BILTMORE • BUCKLEY-BROOKS • CREAN • DU-ROY • LEWIS • SMITHBILT • STETSON

make him look like a Hollywood glamour boy even if you think he should.

Size might seem to be a problem but it's not insurmountable. Take shirts for example. All men's shirts are clearly marked on the neckband or tail. It's not so with a woman's dress or lingerie . . . so help the poor male. But it's all so very simple when it comes to men. His shoes are clearly marked and that makes slippers and socks easy. Hats are marked too on a little tab under the leather band, but then a gift certificate is really easiest for headwear. Sweaters, pyjamas, sportswear are all easy if you know his weight and height and general build. Surely that's not too difficult to learn. Gloves can be a bit tricky but then a good clerk can nearly always get them right if you have some details of general build.

Armed with the basic color, pattern and size, the easiest gift selection of all can be the right clothes at the right time for the men in your life, particularly since the men's wear advertisers on these two pages have presented this gift service for Canadian women.

Ralph Edwards,
Men's Wear of Canada

LOOK FOR THIS STREAMER IN MEN'S WEAR STORES

Christmas
Gifts

for the men in your life

... as seen in *Chatelaine*.

It tells you where to shop for the men in your life.

Advertisement.

NECKWEAR WITH THE "MAGIC TOUCH"

The Strikingly New INITIAL TUK-PLETE

A pleated tie with a
distinctive jewellery initial

Currie and Hickok — the two pace-setters in men's accessories — have combined their flair and skill to create the tie sensation of the year. The initial is solidly and permanently secured to the tie. All 18 of the popular initials available. Two rich plain shades: Cardinal and Royal . . . \$2.00

CURRIE HICKOK



Holeproof NYLON TRICOT PYJAMAS

GIFT-BOXED

Give him the 100% comfort—no twist no bind—pyjama by Holeproof . . . tailored of finest Nylon tricot and handsomely styled in bold, masculine colours. You'll appreciate them too because they're quick to launder, quick to dry and they wear and wear.

In Light Blue, Navy, Brown and Gold with contrast piping. A-B-C-D. Gift boxed—\$16.95 at all good men's wear counters. Select from Holeproof Nylon Boxer Shorts and world famous men's socks too.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED
LONDON, ONTARIO

A MAN'S IDEA OF COMFORT —the WARWICK

For leisure wear he'll adore a Warwick cardigan (by Monarch-Knit). Smart-and-smooth Warwick cardigans are 100% pure wool, pre-shrunk for lasting snugness. Seven attractive male-approved shades. There's also a junior-sized Warwick for boys. Very modestly priced.



Monarch-Knit



WITH THESE GIFTS—
HE'LL KNOW YOU WERE

THINKING OF HIM

Ripons . . . Canada's most popular loafer sock . . . to give him all the comfort of his favourite slippers plus ankle warmth, combined in one . . . a gift he'll bless you for always . . . and what could be more wonderfully thoughtful than a pair of Mon-O-Socks (half dozen pair would be even more acceptable!) beautifully knit in luxuriant colours with his own initial . . . a gift that is indeed "Very Personally His."

FOREST CITY KNITTING COMPANY



The most startling promise
a margarine has ever made!



Kraft's new Parkay spreads smoothly even when ice cold!

Won't tear fresh bread

You can take Kraft's new Parkay Margarine right from your refrigerator and spread it on the freshest bread. It spreads smoothly, deliciously, at the coldest temperature. New Parkay also slices into neat pats while still ice cold. No crumbling or splintering.

And no more running all over the

plate when you leave new Parkay out on hot days! It stays firm and attractive.

A great new discovery by Kraft... a new way of making margarine... makes all this possible. Women are hailing Kraft's new Parkay as the grandest table spread they've ever served!

Why don't you try it yourself real soon!

Look for new blue packages! You can buy Parkay in foil wrapped yellow quarters wherever Provincial laws permit the sale of colored margarine. Elsewhere Parkay is available in regular pack and in the time-saving Color Quik bag.



Smooth-Spreading Parkay...guaranteed fresh!



When they come home for Christmas

CHRISTMAS DINNER REVIEW

By MARIE HOLMES, Director Chatelaine Institute

With a work chart and recipes at hand your holiday meal preparation will be smooth sailing

WHAT YOU CAN DO NOW

✓ Check your utensils and make sure they're the right size. Take a look at your roasting pan for the turkey. If the bird is to be a large one you may need to get a larger pan. It should be a shallow one, roomy enough so the bird will not extend over the edge. A flat or V-shaped rack is needed to keep the bird off the bottom of the pan.

✓ Decide on the details of your menu, write it out along with your shopping list. Good idea to do it now before other Christmas duties like gifts and wrappings crowd your mind.

✓ Look over your linen and silver. Chances are they'll need some attention. Dishes and crystal, too.

✓ Choose a centrepiece idea if you need to and shop for it well in advance. If you're going to make it yourself you'll need the extra time.

✓ If your favorite cake is the richly fruited kind it should have at least four weeks to ripen. Make it right away, then put it in a tightly covered tin box and store it in a cool place.

✓ The rich plum pudding can be attended to now. Wrap it and store in a cool place. Then it will be ready for re-steaming on Christmas Day.

A WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

✓ Look to your shortbread and fancy cookies. A good supply made now and carefully stored will be handy to have all through the holiday season.

✓ Order your turkey for sure so you will get the size and quality you wish.

✓ Put aside a couple of loaves of bread for the turkey stuffing. It will crumb more easily if it's several days old.

✓ Make a good supply of cranberry sauce and jelly.

✓ If mincemeat pie is traditional and a favorite of your family, make the mincemeat now. The pastry mix can be blended too and put in the refrigerator.

✓ Look over your shopping list again and be sure you've all the staples, like

potatoes, flour, canned goods. Leave only the perishables for last-minute shopping.

✓ If you still want to bake a fruit cake there's still time for one of the "white" lightly fruited ones. They keep moist for several weeks.

TWO DAYS BEFORE

✓ If you have a large refrigerator to store them well, shop now for perishables, such as green vegetables, celery, squash, turnips.

✓ Make stuffing for turkey. Cover and put in refrigerator.

✓ Bake mincemeat pies or tarts.

THE DAY BEFORE

✓ Make jellies or molded salads. Assemble dishes, linen, etc., for setting the table.

✓ Stuff turkey, wrap and place in refrigerator.

✓ Put leaves in the dining-room table. Wash greens, celery, garnishes.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

✓ Put turkey in oven.

✓ Set table and arrange centrepiece.

✓ Get vegetables ready.

✓ Make celery curls, radish roses, put in water and set in refrigerator. (If dinner is to be served promptly at noon this job could be done the night before.)

DURING THE HOUR BEFORE DINNER

✓ Cook potatoes.

✓ Cook squash or turnips, etc.

✓ Cook broccoli and other green vegetable.

✓ Turn out jellies and make appetizer, salads, if used, and put on table.

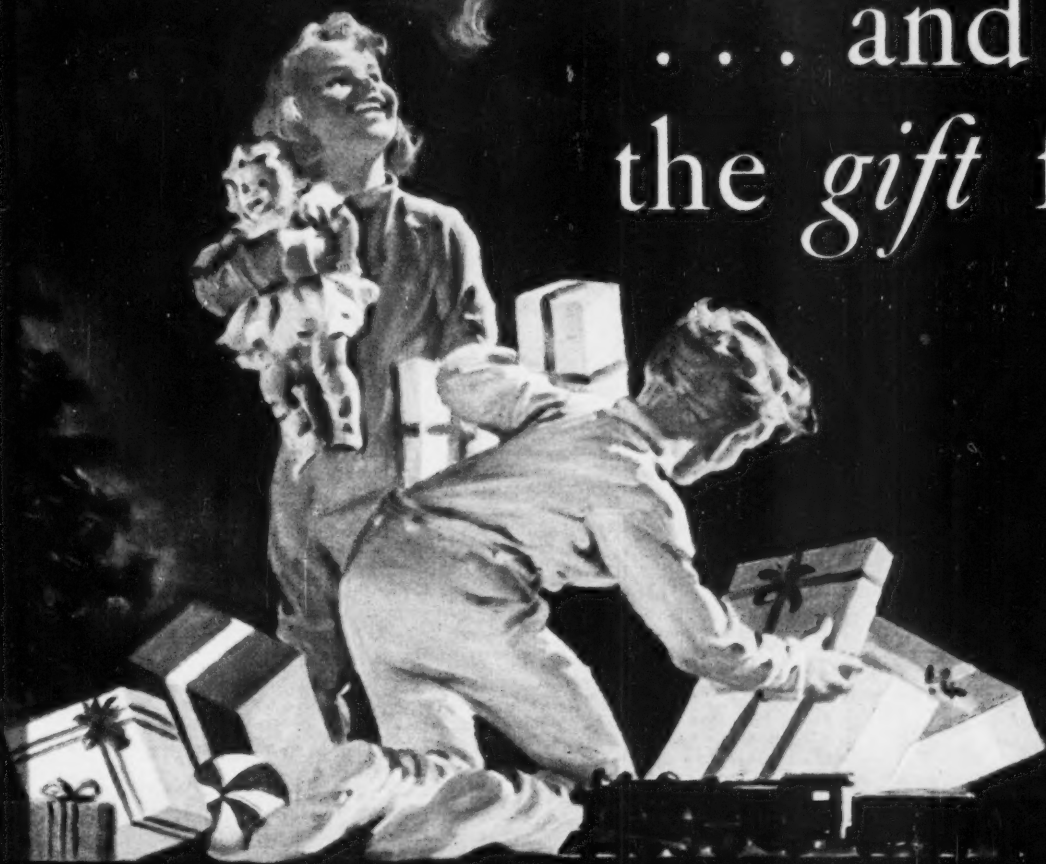
✓ Arrange relishes.

✓ Heat rolls.

Continued on page 32

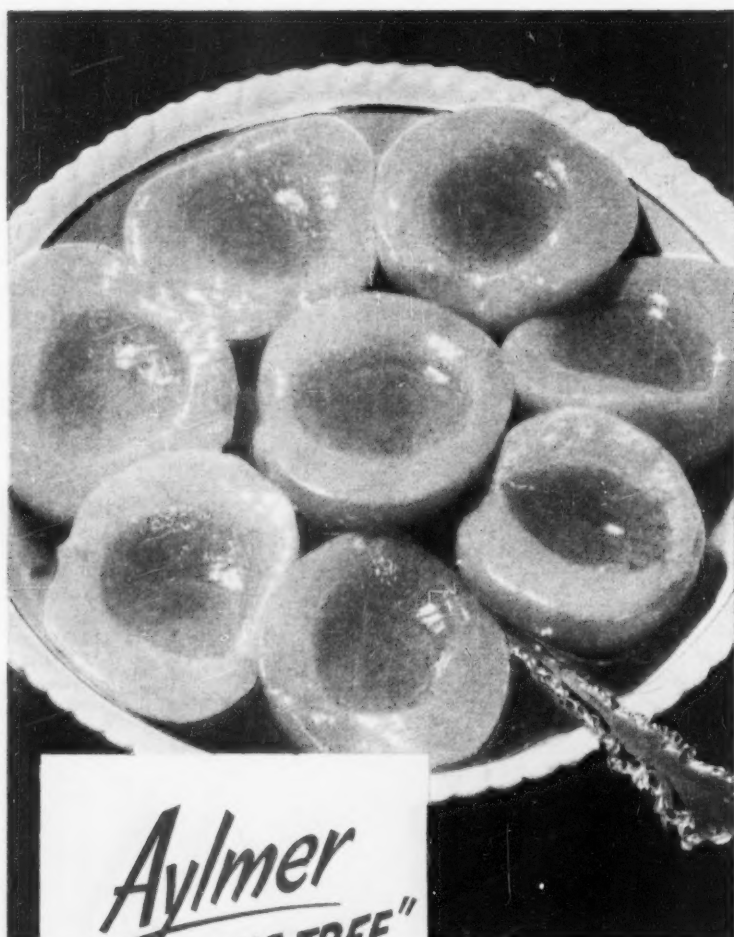


... and now
the *gift* for thirst



Drink
Coca-Cola

COCA-COLA LTD.



Aylmer
"TOP OF THE TREE"
QUALITY

Luscious Aylmer Peaches
... ripened in the sun



Peach Shortcake, all-year-round treat! Easy to fix, with Aylmer Peaches to add wonderful flavor.

Aylmer
Peaches

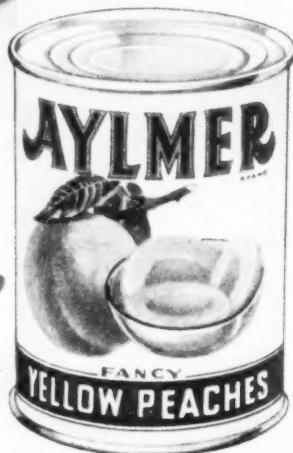
Gorgeous to look at ... heavenly to taste! Aylmer Peaches ... a perfect dessert, served chilled.



THE BEST GO TO AYLMER

The finest tree-ripened peaches you ever saw are rushed to Aylmer kitchens ... right in the heart of Canada's best orchard country. That's how Aylmer captures the wonderful flavor of prize-quality peaches ... so every delicious trickle of peach juice is saved for you.

Aylmer Products, Hamilton and Vancouver



- ✓ Put serving dishes in warming oven.
- ✓ Put cranberry sauce or jelly on the table.
- ✓ Arrange cheese, nut and fruit plate at the last minute.

AT THE LAST MINUTE

- ✓ Make gravy.
- ✓ Make pudding sauce.
- ✓ Heat mince pie.
- ✓ Fill water glasses.
- ✓ Put butter on table.
- ✓ Take turkey and hot dinner plates to table.
- ✓ Make coffee.
- ✓ Remove mince pie from oven.
- ✓ Arrange rolls and put on table.
- ✓ Call the family to dinner!

Note: While turkey is being carved remove appetizer, salad plates or fruit-juice glasses and bring in vegetables, gravy, etc., from warming oven.

ROAST TURKEY

Oven temperature and cooking time: For 8- to 12-pound bird cook at 325 deg. F. for 4 to 4½ hours. For 12- to 20-pound bird cook at 300 deg. F. for 4½ to 5½ hours.

How to Cook: Place bird on rack in shallow, open roasting pan. Sprinkle with salt. Spread meaty surface of bird with a mixture of fat and flour (½ cup soft butter, margarine or shortening blended with 3 tablespoons flour). Turn bird breast-side down. Cover with a piece of cheesecloth which has been dipped in melted fat. Place in preheated oven and bake, allowing 25 minutes per pound for large bird. Part way during cooking, turn bird so breast-side is up. About every 30 minutes spoon some of the fat from the pan over the cheesecloth. The cloth holds the fat over the bird, keeping the meat moist.

CELERY NUT STUFFING

To 10 cups dry bread crumbs add ½ cup chopped parsley, ⅓ cup chopped onion, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 cup finely chopped celery, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup melted butter or margarine (makes enough stuffing for 12-pound turkey).

SAVORY STUFFING

Make as above, omitting celery and nuts. Add 1 teaspoon sage and 1 teaspoon summer savory.

GIBLET GRAVY

5 tablespoons fat from roasting pan
5 tablespoons flour
Salt and pepper
Onion juice, if desired

3 cups water or stock from giblets
Cooked giblets, chopped fine
½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate

Add flour to fat, mixing well until smooth. Add salt and pepper with onion juice. Gradually add stock or water. Cook until thickened, for about

8 minutes. Add cooked giblets, finely chopped, and monosodium glutamate.

ORANGE SQUASH

To 6 cups mashed cooked squash add grated rind and juice of one orange, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and 2 teaspoons sugar. Blend well and reheat in slow oven.

CRANBERRY SAUCE

4 cups cranberries
2 cups water

2 cups granulated sugar

Wash and pick over cranberries. Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes. Add cranberries and boil without stirring until all skins pop open (5 minutes is usually sufficient). Remove from fire and allow sauce to remain in saucepan until cool.

Yield: 1 quart.

Note: for a thinner sauce — just bring sugar and water to a boil, then add cranberries and cook until they stop popping.

MOLDED CRANBERRY SAUCE

4 cups cranberries
2 cups water

2 cups granulated sugar

Wash and pick over cranberries. Cook in water until all the skins pop open. Put through sieve, add sugar and blend well. Boil rapidly for 10 to 15 minutes, or until a drop jells on a cold plate (220 deg. F.). Pour into one large or individual molds. Chill until firm.

STEAMED FRUIT PUDDING

2 cups sifted bread flour
OR
2¼ cups sifted pastry flour
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup brown sugar

1 cup dried bread crumbs
1¼ cups finely chopped suet
1½ cups raisins
¼ cup cut mixed peel
½ cup chopped almonds
2 eggs beaten
½ cup water
½ cup molasses

Mix in order given. Pour into greased mold. Cover with waxed or parchment paper and steam for 2½ hours. Serve with Brown Sugar Sauce or Nutmeg Sauce. Make in advance then resteam for 1 to 1½ hours before serving. Yield: 10 to 12 servings.

BROWN SUGAR SAUCE FOR PUDDING

½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1½ tablespoons flour
1/8 teaspoon salt

1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
½ teaspoon vanilla

Combine sugar, flour and salt in saucepan. Add boiling water gradually, stirring constantly. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth (about 5 minutes). Remove from heat, add butter and vanilla. Serve hot.

Yield: Approximately 1 cup sauce. Sufficient for 4 servings.

NUTMEG SAUCE

Make as for Brown Sugar Sauce. Substitute white sugar for brown sugar. Add ¼ teaspoon nutmeg.

Continued on page 34

Great News... TWO SOUPS WITH THAT OLD TIME FLAVOR!



You'll love their real homemade taste!

Lipton Chicken Noodle, with tender egg noodles in a rich chicken broth—the kind you get when you use a fine, fat chicken for your stock, and flecked with savory parsley.

And new **Lipton Tomato Vegetable** with “fresh from the garden” vegetables—six of them—plus rich egg noodles in a hearty, “homey” tomato stock.

Easy to fix—both save you money two ways!

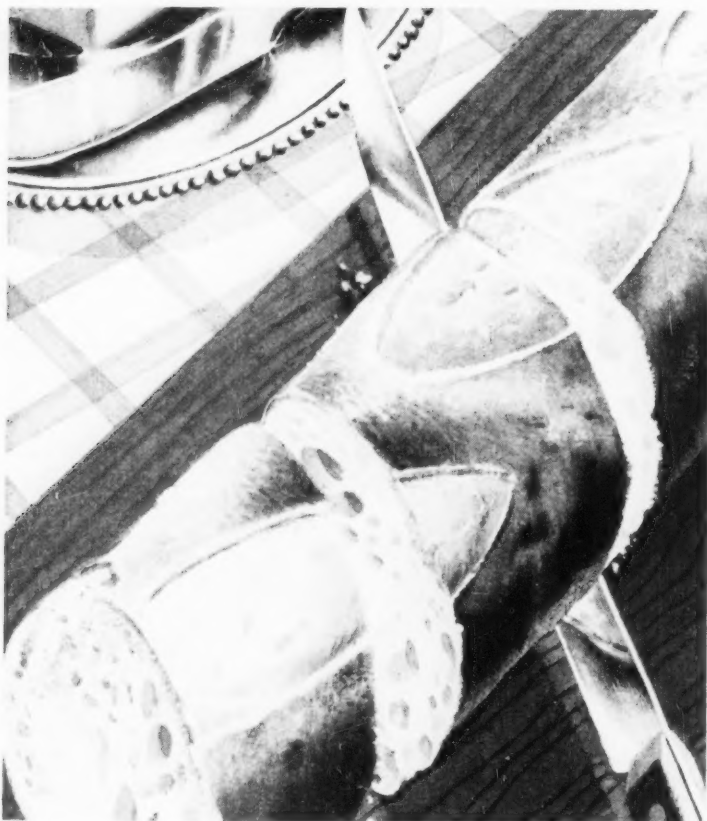
So easy to make, too! Just empty an envelope into boiling water. In minutes you have steaming bowls of oldtime goodness! Remember, just *one* envelope of Lipton Soup Mix

makes a whole lot more—50% more—than most canned soups. And it costs you less than most canned soups, too. So buy Lipton Soups and save *two* ways.

LIPTON SOUPS

Surprise! Treat!

REAL FRENCH BREAD



Gloriously Crusty, Wonderfully Tasty—made with fast-acting DRY Yeast!

● Once you've nibbled the crust of this super-crispy French Bread you'll never be able to stop! Men will go on a bread diet for days with it! It's fascinatingly simple to make with this recipe—using the wonderful new Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

If you bake at home—forget your former worries with perishable yeast! Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps full strength and fast-acting for months without refrigeration! Keep it in the cupboard—get a dozen packages to-day.

FRENCH BREAD (makes 3 loaves)

Scald

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
1 tablespoon granulated sugar
2 teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, measure into a large bowl

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

1 envelope Fleischmann's
Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in lukewarm milk mixture. Measure into a large mixing bowl

$\frac{4}{2}$ cups once-sifted bread flour

Make a well in the centre and add liquids all at once. Mix thoroughly, then knead slightly in the bowl. Cover with a damp cloth and set in a warm place, free from draught; let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough, cover with damp cloth and again let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out on lightly-floured board and divide into 3 equal portions. Knead each piece lightly and shape into a slim loaf

about 12 inches long. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheets and with a pair of scissors, cut diagonal slashes in top of loaves, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart. Let rise, uncovered, until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, for 15 minutes, then reduce oven heat to 350°, bake 15 minutes, brush with a mixture of 1 slightly-beaten egg white and 2 tablespoons water and bake until loaves are cooked—about 20 minutes longer. Cool bread in a draught, by an open window.



LEMON SAUCE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar	1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon cornstarch	1 tablespoon butter
1 8 teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind	

Combine sugar, cornstarch, salt and lemon rind in saucepan. Gradually add boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook slowly over low heat for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. The sauce should be clear and thickened. Remove from heat and stir in butter and lemon juice.

Yield: Approximately $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sauce.

HOW TO SIMPLIFY CHRISTMAS DINNER

1. If some of those coming for dinner want to help, you can make the meal a

community affair. A married daughter or a sister-in-law might contribute the pudding or the cake. Immediate members of your family might take over some of the last-minute jobs, such as the relishes, the giblet gravy, the vegetables.

2. Make use of the freezer shelf of your refrigerator—by having frozen vegetables on hand. This will save peeling and slicing and they cook quickly, too.

3. Use a paper Christmas tablecloth, gay paper napkins to cut down laundry work. Pretty plastic-coated paper plates for dessert will save dishwashing.

4. Let one member of the family scrape, rinse and stack dinner plates while dessert course is being served. Fill roasting pan with hot water and detergent and let stand during dinner. It will be much easier to wash. +

PRINCESS MARGARET

Continued from page 11

Stiebel is far too busy to have any real hobbies he can always find time to help the Feathers Club, an organization which works among the underprivileged children. He once staged a fashion show for an enthusiastic audience at Holloway Prison for Women in London.

On arrival I spent a few minutes talking to members of the sales staff, all of whom wear dresses of the same grey material, styled to suit each individually. After the arrival of Jack Carpenter, the fashion photographer who was to take the color pictures which accompany this article, we were taken by Stiebel's secretary to his office.

The way led through the Old English shop where bolts of Jacquard fabrics designed by Stiebel are draped with casual luxuriousness over highly polished refectory tables.

We followed a winding staircase upward into the vivid contrast of Stiebel's lush green and gold showroom. Deep grey broadloom extends from wall to wall and small gold chairs mingle elegantly with contrasting stuffed sofas. Sunlight filters softly into the room from windows where deep boxes of brilliant red geraniums add warm friendliness to the quiet dignity of the room.

Stiebel's secretary led me out of the salon again past a boutique, or small shop off the main showroom where customers can buy ready-to-wear clothes made from Jacquard fabrics and Stiebel's designs for as little as eighty-five to a hundred and fifty dollars. Stiebel originals are priced from \$350 up.

I followed her up another flight of stairs, through a small outer office and finally into the great man's sanctum done in a simply fabulous color scheme—white walls, red drapery, a junk rug and regency chairs upholstered in lime green.

Stiebel, a tall slender grey-haired man with a lopsided grin and professional air, who laughs infectious and frequently, was himself dressed in clothes so sombre they might have well suited the head venduse at an undertaker's. His suit was a funeral grey, a shade I understand he favors almost to the exclusion of all others, and his tie was a modest little number made up of tiny black and white checks. But Stiebel himself was genial enough. He remembered our

meeting in Toronto the previous April when he had come to Canada to arrange the showing and sale of a line of his dresses at Eaton's in Toronto.

He apologized for the security precautions but explained that these were nervous times for people in his business. Only a short time before, two American girls highly recommended by a business associate in New York had come to see him as, he thought, customers. But they turned out to be journalists or would-be journalists and they wrote a story about his famous royal customer which caused him great pain. Very great pain indeed.

Stiebel, who has made gowns for the Duchess of Gloucester, Vivien Leigh and Katharine Hepburn, asked to be excused from any discussion of his royal client at length.

"Let me say that she is a charming and friendly girl with very definite opinions about what she wants to wear. I am happy about this because strong personalities are easy to design for. They know what they want and are satisfied with the final result," he said.

While protocol made it very bad taste and even worse business for Stiebel to reveal any of his dealings with the Princess, I learned from other sources that she had gone to him first at the urging of the Duchess of Kent whose clothes sense has been relied upon heavily by the younger woman. When Margaret goes to Stiebel's she looks at clothes in the main showroom, accompanied by her lady-in-waiting. Even while we sat there talking, Stiebel's staff downstairs was working on other gowns for the Princess along the lines of the clothes pictured in color with this article.

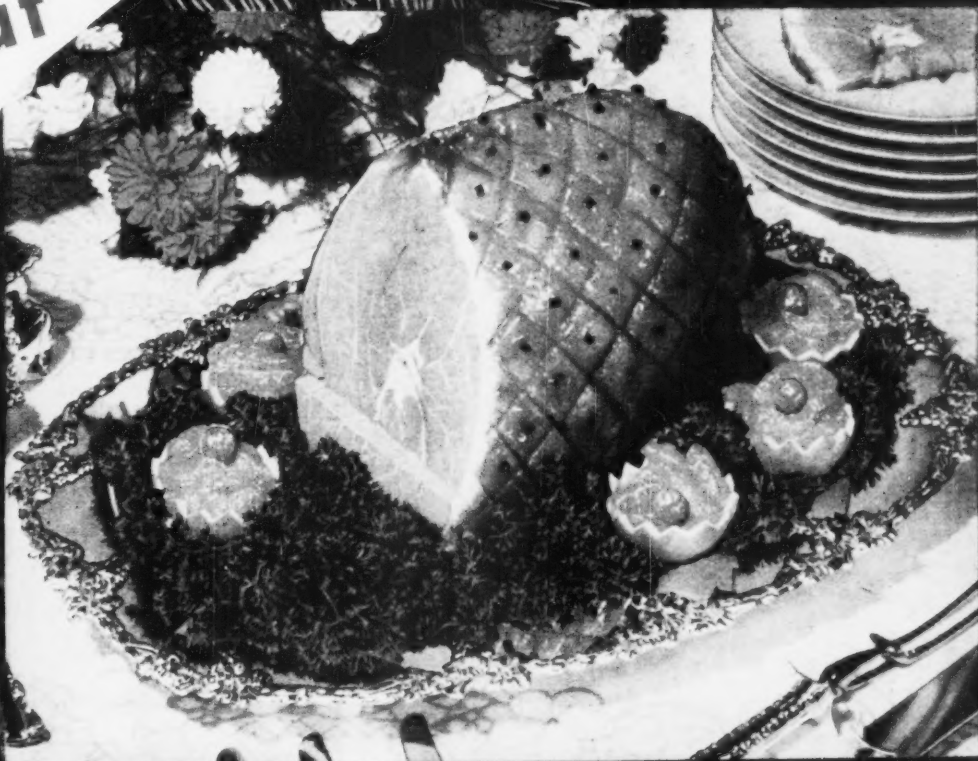
Before I left I persuaded the designer to come downstairs and pose for some pictures—although his staff later told me that it was the first time they had ever known Stiebel to consent to be photographed with one of his own dresses.

On the way out my eye caught a series of sketches that looked as out of place as a derby hat in the cloakroom at the YWCA. I asked about them.

"Oh, those," said one of the staff. "The Royal Air Force has asked Stiebel to try a design for a new dress uniform."

Well, the RAF can be sure that the final design of those uniforms, down to the last brass button, will be guarded as carefully as if it were the blueprint for a new flying saucer. +

for Your
**Holiday
Treat**



for Easy
Entertaining

remember only **MAPLE LEAF** is ***"TENDERSWEET"***

At Christmas when you want the best, you'll be glad you have a Maple Leaf **TENDERSWEET** ham in the house. For easy entertaining or for family meals, nothing is tastier. You can buy **TENDERSWEET** ham in four ways—"regular" for baking—"boneless" cooked "ready-to-eat"—or the popular "buffet style" already glazed and garnished with candied fruit.

The name Maple Leaf **TENDERSWEET** assures you of the finest-flavoured and tenderest ham that money can buy.

A PRODUCT OF CANADA PACKERS



Perfect Meals Everytime

NOW I COOK BY COLOR



GENERAL ELECTRIC RANGES

with **PUSH-BUTTON** magic



BIG TRIPL-OVEN . . . a broiler for steaks and chops, a master oven for full course meals and a speed-oven for one-shelf baking.



Food-Waste Disposal . . . Washes away kitchen garbage down the drain. Safe . . . sanitary!



Automatic Dishwasher . . . Washes dishes with a pre-rinse action . . . then fan dries them. Saves hours daily.



Range, Model RD-41 . . . For speedy, economical cooking. Automatic oven-timer, minute-minder, timed-appliance receptacle.

Simply push a button—and you get the exact heat for every cooking job. You actually Cook-by-Color . . . perfect meals, everytime! Enjoy fast, five-speed Calrod elements, automatic oven-control and the versatile Tripl-Unit—a pressure cooker, Thrift cooker and spare element combined. At your G-E Dealer's now . . . Push Button Cooking-by-Color for better meals, bigger economies, greater safety, happier kitchen hours.

**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
LIMITED**

MAJOR APPLIANCE DEPARTMENT—MONTREAL

MH-152

MISS MERRIAM

Continued from page 9

child. But when she'd asked them yesterday to make up some little "composition" about Christmas, the others' stubby sentences had all been about Santa Claus and toys; his had been about a "lovely lady, with jewels on." His mother was dead.

She turned at a step in the porch. As if her thought had summoned him, there he was, standing in the door. The look of indifference was almost a frown. He took out a tiny box from his reffer pocket.

"I forgot your present this morning," he said abruptly.

She didn't know which struck her hardest: the clumsy wrapping, with the seals only half stuck; or the transparency of a child who never doubts that his little prevarication has been taken at face value. Obviously, whatever was in the box was something he'd been afraid the other children might laugh at.

"Why, Bobby!" she exclaimed, peering as if with intolerable curiosity at the box. "What can it be?" She held the box up to her ear and shook it. She made a mock grimace of utter puzzlement. "Tiddley-winks?"

He had to giggle. "No," he said.

He couldn't keep the eagerness out of his face when she began to undo the package. Then, just before she lifted off the cover, he said suddenly, "Don't you want me to clean off the blackboard for you?"

"Why, yes," she said, "you can if you like."

He picked up the eraser. But he stood

sidewise to the blackboard, keeping the desk in one corner of his eye.

It wasn't anything in the least like a cake of soap or a handkerchief. It was a pair of beaten copper earrings. They were of hopelessly extravagant design (for me, she thought) . . . but to a child, searching through the catalogue, they must have seemed like the very essence of elegance. For a second she couldn't speak. He began to rub the blackboard furiously with the eraser.

"They had 'em with pearls too," he said, in a let-down voice. She knew he'd expected her to exclaim immediately. "But . . ."

"Oh no . . . these," she faltered. "They just took my breath, that's all. I never thought of such . . ."

He came over to the desk. He realized now that she was truly overwhelmed, even though he mistook the reason.

"Them was a little more than the pearl ones," he couldn't help adding.

"They're beautiful," she said. "They're the nicest thing I ever . . ."

"Maybe you got earrings," he said, protracting the thing now as long as he could.

"No," she said, "I haven't."

"You can change 'em if you don't like 'em," he said. "The slip's in the bottom there."

She knew what he was thinking. If she didn't like them! As if anyone wouldn't like anything as splendid as that! But it wouldn't hurt to mention the slip, so she could see they weren't just old ten-cent ones.

"Change them?" she cried. "Look!"

She slipped them onto her ears. His face broke into a great awed smile. "Gee," he said. "They just fit, don't

There's still time to . . .



GIVE HIM HAND-KNIT SOCKS

Knit these attractive socks in easy-to-follow slip-stitch blocks for the man in your life this Christmas. Order knitting instructions No. S291. Price 20 cents.

Order from Chatelaine Needlecraft Dept., 431 University Ave., Toronto.

they! They make you look . . ."

Then the elaborate indifference came back as suddenly as it had left. "I just noticed the jewelry page in the catalogue," he said casually, "and I thought . . ." He almost darted out the door.

Helen Merriam sat perfectly still for a second. Then, without knowing why, she found herself with her head in her arm, crying. She hadn't realized, until these first tears came, that she'd felt like crying all morning. But she was released enough in a few minutes to stop short and laugh at herself.

She wondered if she should mention the earrings to Bobby's father when she stopped in this morning to have him sign her returns; he was the secretary. She really *should* thank him too, he must have paid for them. But, except with Bobby, he was such a withdrawn man, even for Grenville. And whenever he and she were alone together—when she dropped in to pick up her salary instalments; when he came to the schoolhouse, after hours, to fix a desk or a doorknob or the stovepipe; or when they stopped opposite each other in a Paul Jones at one of the rare dances he showed up at—there was a curious awkwardness between them, more than the ordinary awkwardness between two shy and quiet people.

You could tell a house with no woman in it the minute you stepped inside, she thought. There should be a plant in that alcove, there should be the smell of a cake just baked, or of something just washed or scrubbed. There should be something lying half-finished somewhere: mending, or knitting, or a garment.

Not that Chris Fairfield didn't manage far better than most men would have. The house was perfectly tidy, and Bobby never had the urchin look which most children do who are dressed by a man.

Chris was rather an unusual man for here. He'd gone through Grade Ten, and read everything he could get his hands on. (The neighbors all brought him their "papers" to fill out.) His large hands seemed incongruous in connection with anything subtler than a plow. But she'd seen a tiny statuette of Bobby he'd carved from a block of peartree wood. He hadn't made it an exact copy, but he'd known just which details to exaggerate a little, to catch Bobby's nature more accurately than a photograph.

He and Bobby were in the front room, trimming the tree. They too use up the last-minute things too early, she thought because there is nothing to postpone them. They didn't hear her enter the kitchen.

"Walk right in," she called. She hated the prim facetiousness of her remark. But it was the sort of thing which always seemed to come out when most she wanted to sound natural.

"Oh . . ." Chris called back. "Is that you, Miss Merriam?"

"Is that you, Miss Merriam?" Bobby echoed. "Come see our tree."

Chris was in the kitchen doorway by that time. He had the almost Scandinavian kind of rugged blondness which makes a man look surprisingly young in dark clothes (and, in his case, so surprisingly at home in good ones).

"Oh, never mind your galoshes," he said.

She straightened up as abruptly as if

his tone had been peremptory. She felt more awkward with him today than she ever had. She thought of the earrings. He too seemed more awkward than usual. Perhaps he was thinking about them also. She knew she couldn't mention them.

In the front room, though it was large, it seemed as if each must watch carefully before moving, lest they bump into each other.

The tree was a perfect fir. He and Bobby had hung oranges and tinsel cord on the boughs, and it seemed as if Christmas had really been brought into the room from outdoors. The incense smell of the oranges and the fir were like the true breath of the gentle mystery. But here, as with the small tree in her boardinghouse room, she had the feeling that the tree was abating some of its presence for being so privately, almost defensively, possessed.

"Why, it's a beauty," she exclaimed.

"Oh, I don't know about that," Chris said diffidently. "We've no ornaments this year. I guess something got packed on top of them and broke off that little stem thing."

"But that can be fixed," she said. "Just take a bit of match stick and tie some red cord around the middle and . . ."

"Show us," Bobby interrupted eagerly "will you?"

She showed them how you dropped the stick straight inside the globe affair, then worked it into a crosswise position to form a support.

"Now that's an idea," Chris said.

Bobby raced to the kitchen for more matches.

"You do these ones, dad," he said, "and I'll do these, and Miss Merriam can do those. Or, no . . . I tell you . . . you two do 'em, and I'll hang 'em on, eh?"

They obeyed his enthusiasm without comment, as if it gave them a curious docility.

Bobby'd test one against a bough and say, "There, Miss Merriam, do you think?" "Well," she'd say, "there . . . or over just a speck, maybe." Or his father might say, "Think you should have two red ones so close together there, Bobby?" With everyone's hands busy, the room seemed to relax.

Then she and Chris reached for the same ornament at the same time. Suddenly she had an acute consciousness of sitting there with her hat and coat and galoshes on.

"I brought my returns," she said abruptly.

"Oh yes," Chris said. He stood up.

"But we're not near done," Bobby said, dismayed.

"I guess we can finish all right now, son," Chris said. "Miss Merriam's got other things to do."

"Oh, couldn't you just . . ." Bobby began. But she had risen too.

She had nothing else to do. There was no way you could synthesize that frantic rush the other women deplored, and which she envied so. She always had her cards mailed, and everything ready a week ahead. But how could she admit that?

Bobby began to hang the rest of the ornaments slowly, and any old place. She and Chris went back to the kitchen.

"I hope you have a good holiday in Halifax," he said, when she was ready to go.

"Thank you," she said.

SIT DOWN TO IRON



...and get perfect results at once on flatwork which is 80% of an average ironing

GENERAL ELECTRIC ROTARY IRONER



So Simple

A CHILD CAN OPERATE IT

Easy to learn, easy to operate — perfect results every time. You'll be delighted how quickly you master even the fanciest pieces.

Sit down to iron, comfortably relaxed. Your G-E Rotary Ironer does the work. You simply guide the clothes . . . no tiresome pushing and pulling. On flatwork, which is 80% of an average ironing, you'll do a professional job first time. With practise on ruffles and pleats, you'll find your G-E Ironer the biggest time-and-energy saver in the house. Ask your G-E Dealer for a demonstration.

All-Automatic Washer . . . Just set the dial . . . it does the wash completely, quietly, with extra-thorough Activator Action . . . spin dries, too!



Automatic Clothes Dryer . . . damp dries for ironing, fluffy dries clothes indoors . . . eliminates outdoor clothes line!



Super Deluxe Washer . . . G-E Activator gives fast, 3-zone action . . . dipping, flexing, gently scrubbing.



**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
LIMITED**

MAJOR APPLIANCE DEPARTMENT — MONTREAL

MI-352

If you had no family of your own, you'd think that to spend

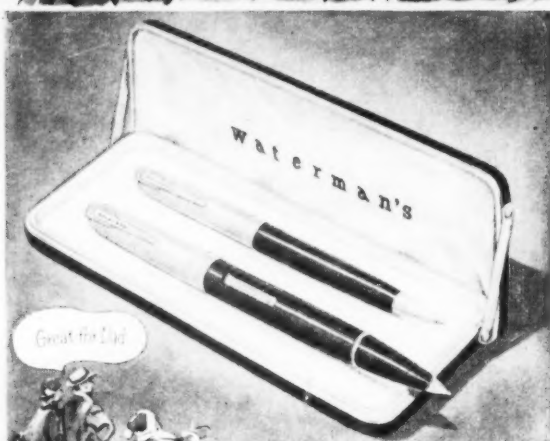
Christmas with an aunt, or at least at your boardinghouse where you knew the people, would be better than spending it among strangers. But it wasn't, for her. The last few years, she didn't know just why, those hours between first lamplight and twelve o'clock on this one day of the year were ones she couldn't bear to spend anywhere she was known. With friends, whose behavior was so unfettered by the *predictable*. Who (no matter how kindly they included you in their circle) each had

She went to the city a day or two ahead, and spent Christmas Eve in her hotel room. Not really unhappy . . . just so long as she could shut out the carols. The others only half heard them.

"Yeah," Bobby said, "I know . . . but couldn't I?"



How to be a Real Santa
and please
your pocketbook, too!



Great the Land

Waterman's . . . *Love & Executive Del*
He'll treasure this magnificent gift. Superb 14 Kt. Gold Point Pen, Metermatic Pencil. 4 color Pen **\$12.00**. Set **\$17.50**

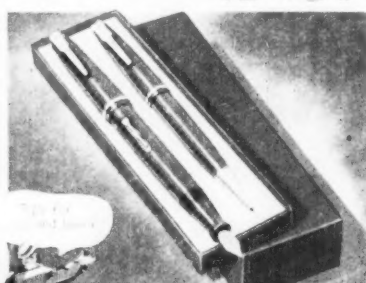


for Bill and Mary

Waterman's Crusader Trio
Three "Merry Christmases" in one. 14-K
Gold Point Pen, **\$5.95**. Matematic
Pencil, **\$4.30**. Ball Pointer, **\$2.20**.
Trio **\$12.45**



Waterman's Beautiful
New Lady Patricia
She'll love you for this graceful
gift! Jewel-like, delicate, adorn
your lady's hand. Sparkling in-
Pen \$11.00, Set \$16.75



Waterman's New "356"
For Yuletide joy—sturdy and practical. 14-Kt. Gold Point Pen, only **\$3.50!** Trim pencil, **\$1.50.** Set **\$5.00.**



Waterman's Desk Sets
The gift he's always wanted. Styled with marble or onyx bases, \$16.00 to \$250.00. Set illustrated \$35.00.

Give 14kt. Gold Point
Waterman's
Christmas Gifts for All!



contact (she'd seen it in so many other women talking to each other about their children) would be severed at once. She hesitated.

"But he takes size eleven in everything," she said.

The woman laughed. "I know," she said. "Don't they grow? I suppose he's all excited about Christmas." She half-sighed. "Well, these are their best years, aren't they?"

Their best years. It gave her a sudden pang. Were what should be his best years slipping by, without his ever knowing what a child's best years, in a full family, should be like? Sitting alone, he had on that look of indifference. She felt like reaching back to touch him.

But sitting with her, later, he was exuberant as any child, with the spell of going somewhere strange and new.

And Helen Merriam herself practiced a deceit she wouldn't have believed herself capable of. She deliberately fostered the impression now, of being an ordinary woman traveling at Christmas with her son. To be thought like the others, if only for a few hours, if only with people she would never see again . . . She even pretended apathy at some of his eager questions about the country they passed through, to make the illusion more convincing.

"Miss Merriam?" he began once.

"Who's she?" she said quickly, making a show of mock ignorance. "Let's not mention her name till school starts again, eh? We're on a holiday." She winked at him. He didn't understand, but he nodded and gave her back a willing conspiratorial grin.

About the time the lights came on in the train, she thought his face looked strained. He seemed restless. He kept asking, "How much longer before we get there?" She felt a flick of dismay. Was the trip wearing thin already?

TRYING TO MAKE ENDS MEET

By Jean Leedale Knight

I struggle with tape and tags and seals,
And tucking corners inside;
Till, after a while, it's not the gift
But me that's fit to be tied!

Then it came to her. And with it the thought of all the other times a lonely child might have suffered disappointments rather than ask an embarrassing question.

"Watch where that man goes," she whispered. "When he comes and you better . . ."

His fearsome giant self, Bobby's smile was almost triumphant as he came back down the aisle. "Cash," he said, "this is a swell train, isn't it? I wonder if it could be Christmas like this all the time, don't you?"

In spite of himself he fell asleep soon after. And riding along in the lighted train, she was so sure of happiness that for the first time she was able to pronounce in her mind the shameful word "alone." She thought, even if it's only a child, and he asleep, it's not like riding in a lighted train alone.

Showing Bobby the city was wonderful; she had something to communicate to someone else. He was

fascinated with everything. And though it gave her an ache, it was a kind of precious one, to see him looking at the price tags in the stores and then surreptitiously examining the contents of his purse; to see the look of studied indifference when he was impressed by something, but not wanting to appear strange.

The second morning, the day of Christmas Eve, she was going out to buy herself a new dress.

"You didn't lose the earrings, did

you?" Bobby said, coming into her room. "They were in such a little box."

She knew he was disappointed that she hadn't worn them. This was a hint to put them on. Well, they wouldn't look outrageous in the city . . . where half the people wore things that didn't suit them.

"Oh no," she laughed, "they're safe enough. And I think now's a good time to try them out, eh?"

She took them from her suitcase and fastened them on. Then she went to the

mirror, thinking she'd cover them as much as possible with her hair.

But it was funny. There is a certain type of plain appearance which a single bizarre touch—of lipstick, or ornament, or coiffure, or whatever—seems to lift right up into the remarkable. The earrings did that for Miss Merriam's face. She was astonished. She felt a sudden confidence, a strange buoyancy.

It was funny too about the sales-girls. Before, they'd always shown her matronly dresses. Now they brought out

give

SWEET CAPS

this

CHRISTMAS



"A pack full of smoking pleasure for all."



"It's a popular custom . . . Sweet Caps for gift-giving."



"Plain or cork . . . Sweet Caps add a thoughtful touch."



"only a fresh cigarette can be truly mild.."

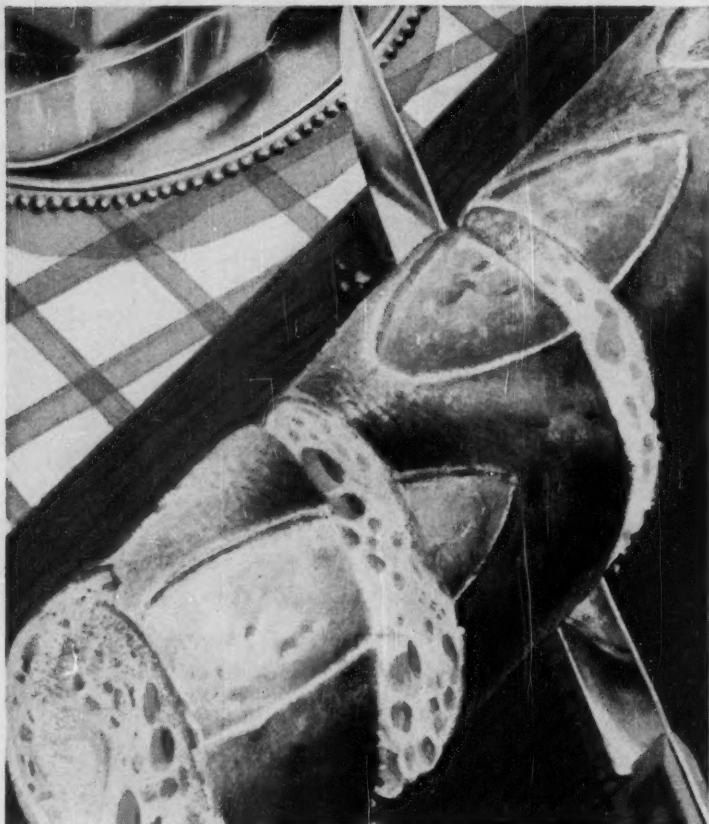
SWEET CAPS

are always truly fresh therefore truly mild!



Surprise! Treat!

REAL FRENCH BREAD



Gloriously Crusty, Wonderfully Tasty— made with fast-acting DRY Yeast!

● Once you've nibbled the crust of this super-crispy French Bread you'll never be able to stop! Men will go on a bread diet for days with it! It's fascinatingly simple to make with this recipe—using the wonderful new Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

If you bake at home—forget your former worries with perishable yeast! Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps full-strength and fast-acting for months without refrigeration! Keep it in the cupboard—get a dozen packages to-day.

FRENCH BREAD (makes 3 loaves)

Scald

- ½ cup milk
- ¾ cup water
- 1 tablespoon granulated sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, measure into a large bowl

- ½ cup lukewarm water
- 1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

- 1 envelope Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in lukewarm milk mixture. Measure into a large mixing bowl

- 4½ cups once-sifted bread flour

Make a well in the centre and add liquids all at once. Mix thoroughly, then knead slightly in the bowl. Cover with a damp cloth and set in a warm place, free from draught; let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough, cover with damp cloth and again let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out on lightly-floured board and divide into 3 equal portions. Knead each piece lightly and shape into a slim loaf

about 12 inches long. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheets and with a pair of scissors, cut diagonal slashes in top of loaves, about 1½ inches apart. Let rise, uncovered, until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, for 15 minutes, then reduce oven heat to 350°, bake 15 minutes, brush with a mixture of 1 slightly-beaten egg white and 2 tablespoons water and bake until loaves are cooked—about 20 minutes longer. Cool bread in a draught, by an open window.



LEMON SAUCE

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|
| ½ cup granulated sugar | 1 cup boiling water |
| 1 tablespoon cornstarch | 1 tablespoon butter |
| 1/8 teaspoon salt | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind | |

Combine sugar, cornstarch, salt and lemon rind in saucepan. Gradually add boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook slowly over low heat for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. The sauce should be clear and thickened. Remove from heat and stir in butter and lemon juice.

Yield: Approximately 1¼ cups sauce.

HOW TO SIMPLIFY CHRISTMAS DINNER

1. If some of those coming for dinner want to help, you can make the meal a

PRINCESS MARGARET

Continued from page 11

Stiebel is far too busy to have any real hobbies he can always find time to help the Feathers Club, an organization which works among the underprivileged children. He once staged a fashion show for an enthusiastic audience at Holloway Prison for Women in London.

On arrival I spent a few minutes talking to members of the sales staff, all of whom wear dresses of the same grey material, styled to suit each individually. After the arrival of Jack Carpenter, the fashion photographer who was to take the color pictures which accompany this article, we were taken by Stiebel's secretary to his office.

The way led through the Old English shop where bolts of Jacquard fabrics designed by Stiebel are draped with casual luxuriousness over highly polished refectory tables.

We followed a winding staircase upward into the vivid contrast of Stiebel's lush green and gold showroom. Deep grey broadloom extends from wall to wall and small gold chairs mingle elegantly with contrasting stuffed sofas. Sunlight filters softly into the room from windows where deep boxes of brilliant red geraniums add warm friendliness to the quiet dignity of the room.

Stiebel's secretary led me out of the salon again past a boutique, or small shop off the main showroom where customers can buy ready-to-wear clothes made from Jacquard fabrics and Stiebel's designs for as little as eighty-five to a hundred and fifty dollars. Stiebel originals are priced from \$350 up.

I followed her up another flight of stairs, through a small outer office and finally into the great man's sanctum done in a simply fabulous color scheme—white walls, red drapery, a pink rug and regency chairs upholstered in lime green.

Stiebel, a tall slender grey-haired man with a lopsided grin and professorial air, who laughs infectiously and frequently, was himself dressed in clothes so sombre they might have well suited the head vendeuse at an undertaker's. His suit was a funeral grey, a shade I understand he favors almost to the exclusion of all others, and his tie was a modest little number made up of tiny black and white checks. But Stiebel himself was genial enough. He remembered our

community affair. A married daughter or a sister-in-law might contribute the pudding or the cake. Immediate members of your family might take over some of the last-minute jobs, such as the relishes, the giblet gravy, the vegetables.

2. Make use of the freezer shelf of your refrigerator—by having frozen vegetables on hand. This will save peeling and slicing and they cook quickly, too.

3. Use a paper Christmas tablecloth, gay paper napkins to cut down laundry work. Pretty plastic-coated paper plates for dessert will save dishwashing.

4. Let one member of the family scrape, rinse and stack dinner plates while dessert course is being served. Fill roasting pan with hot water and detergent and let stand during dinner. It will be much easier to wash. ♦

meeting in Toronto the previous April when he had come to Canada to arrange the showing and sale of a line of his dresses at Eaton's in Toronto.

He apologized for the security precautions but explained that these were nervous times for people in his business. Only a short time before, two American girls highly recommended by a business associate in New York had come to see him as, he thought, customers. But they turned out to be journalists or would-be journalists and they wrote a story about his famous royal customer which caused him great pain. Very great pain indeed.

Stiebel, who has made gowns for the Duchess of Gloucester, Vivien Leigh and Katharine Hepburn, asked to be excused from any discussion of his royal client at length.

"Let me say that she is a charming and friendly girl with very definite opinions about what she wants to wear. I am happy about this because strong personalities are easy to design for. They know what they want and are satisfied with the final result," he said.

While protocol made it very bad taste and even worse business for Stiebel to reveal any of his dealings with the Princess, I learned from other sources that she had gone to him first at the urging of the Duchess of Kent whose clothes sense has been relied upon heavily by the younger woman. When Margaret goes to Stiebel's she looks at clothes in the main showroom, accompanied by her lady-in-waiting. Even while we sat there talking, Stiebel's staff downstairs was working on other gowns for the Princess along the lines of the clothes pictured in color with this article.

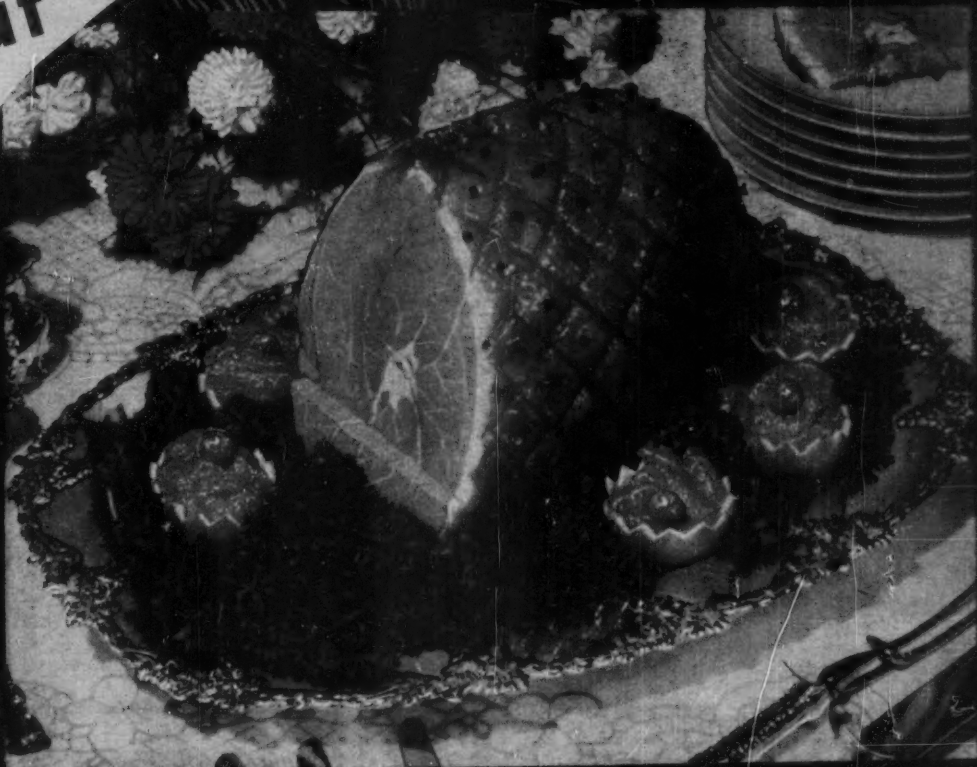
Before I left I persuaded the designer to come downstairs and pose for some pictures—although his staff later told me that it was the first time they had ever known Stiebel to consent to be photographed with one of his own dresses.

On the way out my eye caught a series of sketches that looked as out of place as a derby hat in the cloakroom at the YWCA. I asked about them.

"Oh, those," said one of the staff. "The Royal Air Force has asked Stiebel to try a design for a new dress uniform."

Well, the RAF can be sure that the final design of those uniforms, down to the last brass button, will be guarded as carefully as if it were the blueprint for a new flying saucer. ♦

for Your
**Holiday
Treat**



for Easy
Entertaining

remember only **MAPLE LEAF** is ***"TENDERSWEET"***

At Christmas when you want the best, you'll be glad you have a Maple Leaf **TENDERSWEET** ham in the house. For easy entertaining or for family meals, nothing is tastier. You can buy **TENDERSWEET** ham in four ways—"regular" for baking—"boneless"—cooked "ready-to-eat"—or the popular "buffet style" already glazed and garnished with candied fruit.

The name Maple Leaf **TENDERSWEET** assures you of the finest-flavoured and tenderest ham that money can buy:

A PRODUCT OF CANADA PACKERS



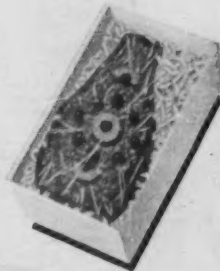
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BONELESS



READY-TO-EAT



BUFFET STYLE

Perfect Meals Everytime

NOW I COOK BY COLOR



GENERAL ELECTRIC RANGES

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BIG TRIPL-OVEN . . . a broiler for steaks and chops, a master-oven for full course meals and a speed-oven for one-shelf baking.



Food-Waste Disposer . . . Washes away kitchen garbage down the drain. Safe . . . sanitary!



Automatic Dish-washer . . . Washes dishes with a pre-rinse action . . . then fan dries them. Saves hours daily.



Range, Model RD-41 . . . for speedy, economical cooking. Automatic oven-timer, minute-minder, timed-appliance receptacle.

Simply push a button—and you get the exact heat for every cooking job. You actually Cook-by-Color . . . perfect meals, everytime! Enjoy fast, five-speed Calrod elements, automatic oven-control and the versatile Tripl-Unit—a pressure cooker, Thrift cooker and spare element combined. At your G-E Dealer's now . . . Push Button Cooking-by-Color for better meals, bigger economies, greater safety, happier kitchen hours.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

MAJOR APPLIANCE DEPARTMENT—MONTREAL

MH-152

MISS MERRIAM

Continued from page 9

child. But when she'd asked them yesterday to make up some little "composition" about Christmas, the others' stubby sentences had all been about Santa Claus and toys: his had been about a "lovely lady, with jewels on." His mother was dead.

She turned at a step in the porch. As if her thought had summoned him, there he was, standing in the door. The look of indifference was almost a frown. He took out a tiny box from his reefer pocket.

"I forgot your present this morning," he said abruptly.

She didn't know which struck her hardest: the clumsy wrapping, with the seals only half stuck; or the transparency of a child who never doubts that his little prevarication has been taken at face value. Obviously, whatever was in the box was something he'd been afraid the other children might laugh at.

"Why, Bobby!" she exclaimed, peering as if with intolerable curiosity at the box. "What can it be?" She held the box up to her ear and shook it. She made a mock grimace of utter puzzlement. "Tiddley-winks?"

He had to giggle. "No," he said.

He couldn't keep the eagerness out of his face when she began to undo the package. Then, just before she lifted off the cover, he said suddenly, "Don't you want me to clean off the blackboard for you?"

"Why, yes," she said, "you can if you like."

He picked up the eraser. But he stood

sidewise to the blackboard, keeping the desk in one corner of his eye.

It wasn't anything in the least like a cake of soap or a handkerchief. It was a pair of beaten copper earrings. They were of hopelessly extravagant design (for me, she thought) . . . but to a child, searching through the catalogue, they must have seemed like the very essence of elegance. For a second she couldn't speak. He began to rub the blackboard furiously with the eraser.

"They had 'em with pearls too," he said, in a let-down voice. She knew he'd expected her to exclaim immediately. "But . . ."

"Oh no . . . these," she faltered. "They just took my breath, that's all. I never thought of such . . ."

He came over to the desk. He realized now that she was truly overwhelmed, even though he mistook the reason.

"Them was a little more than the pearl ones," he couldn't help adding.

"They're beautiful," she said. "They're the nicest thing I ever . . ."

"Maybe you got earrings," he said, protracting the thing now as long as he could.

"No," she said, "I haven't."

"You can change 'em if you don't like 'em," he said. "The slip's in the bottom there."

She knew what he was thinking. If she didn't like them! As if anyone wouldn't like anything as splendid as that! But it wouldn't hurt to mention the slip, so she could see they weren't just old ten-cent ones.

"Change them?" she cried. "Look!"

She slipped them onto her ears. His face broke into a great awed smile. "Gee," he said. "They just fit, don't

There's still time to . . .



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Order from Chatelaine Needlecraft Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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Then the elaborate indifference came back as suddenly as it had left. "I just noticed the jewelry page in the catalogue," he said casually, "and I thought . . ." He almost darted out the door.

Helen Merriam sat perfectly still for a second. Then, without knowing why, she found herself with her head in her arm, crying. She hadn't realized, until these first tears came, that she'd felt like crying all morning. But she was released enough in a few minutes to stop short and laugh at herself.

She wondered if she should mention the earrings to Bobby's father when she stopped in this morning to have him sign her returns; he was the secretary. She really *should* thank him too, he must have paid for them. But, except with Bobby, he was such a withdrawn man, even for Grenville. And whenever he and she were alone together—when she dropped in to pick up her salary instalments; when he came to the schoolhouse, after hours, to fix a desk or a doorknob or the stovepipe; or when they stopped opposite each other in a Paul Jones at one of the rare dances he showed up at—there was a curious awkwardness between them, more than the ordinary awkwardness between two shy and quiet people.

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Not that Chris Fairfield didn't manage far better than most men would have. The house was perfectly tidy, and Bobby never had the urchin look which most children do who are dressed by a man.

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"Walk right in," she called. She hated the prim facetiousness of her remark. But it was the sort of thing which always seemed to come out when most she wanted to sound natural.

"Oh . . ." Chris called back. "Is that you, Miss Merriam?"

"Is that you, Miss Merriam?" Bobby echoed. "Come see our tree."

Chris was in the kitchen doorway by that time. He had the almost Scandinavian kind of rugged blondness which makes a man look surprisingly young in dark clothes (and, in his case, so surprisingly at home in good ones).

"Oh, never mind your galoshes," he said.

She straightened up as abruptly as if

his tone had been peremptory. She felt more awkward with him today than she ever had. She thought of the earrings. He too seemed more awkward than usual. Perhaps he was thinking about them also. She knew she couldn't mention them.

In the front room, though it was large, it seemed as if each must watch carefully before moving, lest they bump into each other.

The tree was a perfect fir. He and Bobby had hung oranges and tinsel cord on the boughs, and it seemed as if Christmas had really been brought into the room from outdoors. The incarnate smell of the oranges and the fir were like the true breath of the gentle mystery. But here, as with the small tree in her boardinghouse room, she had the feeling that the tree was abating some of its presence for being so privately, almost defensively, possessed.

"Why, it's a beauty," she exclaimed. "Oh, I don't know about that," Chris said diffidently. "We've no ornaments this year. I guess something got packed on top of them and broke off that little stem thing."

"But that can be fixed," she said. "Just take a bit of match stick and tie some red cord around the middle and . . ."

"Show us," Bobby interrupted eagerly "will you?"

She showed them how you dropped the stick straight inside the globe affair, then worked it into a crosswise position to form a support.

"Now that's an idea," Chris said.

Bobby raced to the kitchen for more matches.

"You do these ones, dad," he said, "and I'll do these, and Miss Merriam can do those. Or, no . . . I tell you . . . you two do 'em, and I'll hang 'em on, eh?"

They obeyed his enthusiasm without comment, as if it gave them a curious docility.

Bobby'd test one against a bough and say, "There, Miss Merriam, do you think?" "Well," she'd say, "there . . . or over just a speck, maybe." Or his father might say, "Think you should have two red ones so close together there, Bobby?" With everyone's hands busy, the room seemed to relax.

Then she and Chris reached for the same ornament at the same time. Suddenly she had an acute consciousness of sitting there with her hat and coat and galoshes on.

"I brought my returns," she said abruptly.

"Oh yes," Chris said. He stood up.

"But we're not near done," Bobby said, dismayed.

"I guess we can finish all right now, son," Chris said. "Miss Merriam's got other things to do."

"Oh, couldn't you just . . ." Bobby began. But she had risen too.

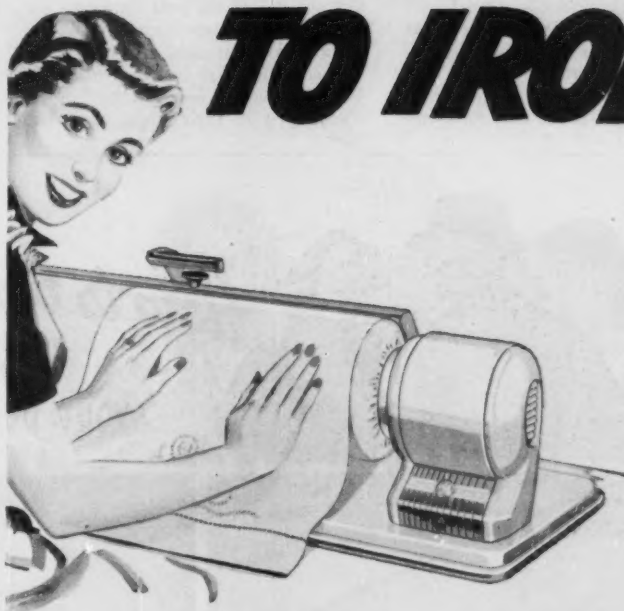
She had nothing else to do. There was no way you could synthesize that frantic rush the other women deplored, and which she envied so. She always had her cards mailed, and everything ready a week ahead. But how could she admit that?

Bobby began to hang the rest of the ornaments slowly, and any old place. She and Chris went back to the kitchen.

"I hope you have a good holiday in Halifax," he said, when she was ready to go.

"Thank you," she said.

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(Now who'd have thought he'd remember my plans for Christmas, she thought. She'd forgotten mentioning them to him herself. But his remembering gave her a strange pleasure. She was so used to hearing the others say, "Oh yes, I believe you did tell me that.")

"Will you be back for Christmas Eve?"
"No," she said. "Not until Christmas Day." She couldn't tell him why.

If you had no family of your own, you'd think that to spend

Christmas with an aunt, or at least at your boardinghouse where you knew the people, would be better than spending it among strangers. But it wasn't, for her. The last few years, she didn't know just why, those hours between first lamplight and twelve o'clock on this one day of the year were ones she couldn't bear to spend anywhere she was known. With friends, whose behavior was so unfettered by the predictable. Who (no matter how kindly they included you in their circle) each had

someone special they looked at, openly, in the way they'd felt about them only obscurely, throughout the year. Someone already there. Or someone they were waiting for, to come. Or someone they might make some spontaneous plan, at the last minute, to go surprise, themselves . . .

She went to the city a day or two ahead, and spent Christmas Eve in her hotel room. Not really unhappy . . . just so long as she could shut out the carols. The others only half heard them,

or were bored with them because they'd heard them so much. For her they carried an awful evocativeness of something, she couldn't say just what.

Christmas Day itself she didn't mind. At the stroke of twelve, everything was all right again.

"I hope you have a nice Christmas too," she said. The stilted sentence almost angered her. She didn't mean to sound like that. She wasn't like that.

"Oh, yes," he said. "It'll be quiet, but"—he hesitated—"I often think I should take Bobby to the city some Christmas time, to see the stores and everything."

She had a sudden impulse. "Why couldn't he come with me?" she said.

"Oh, no, no," he said. "I wasn't hinting. I just meant maybe sometime he and I . . ."

"I know," she said. "But he could come."

"Where?" Bobby said suddenly from the doorway. He had heard his name.

Chris tried to turn it into a joke. "Oh, Miss Merriam spoke before she thought, I guess. What would she do in the city with you?"

Bobby almost lost his breath. "Oh, Dad," he pleaded. "Could I?"

"Now, now, son, you know . . ."

Chris said patiently. "Maybe next year, you and I . . ."

"Yeah," Bobby said, "I know . . . but couldn't I?"

Waiting for the train in town, Helen Merriam tried not to examine this new situation. She had done something on impulse, like the others. She didn't want to turn up anything that might be hasty or foolish in it.

It was different getting on the train with Bobby than it had been getting on the train alone. The Christmas look on the other faces no longer islanded her. She felt included and warm. Like the way she'd felt when Chris had brought him and his suitcase to her boardinghouse that morning, explaining to her about his clothes and entrusting his spending money to her.

The train was crowded. She searched for a double seat, but there was none vacant. Then a woman looked up at her and smiled.

"Sit beside me," the woman said. "And your little boy back there. I'm getting off next stop . . . and then you can sit together."

"Oh, thank you," Helen said. "Would you do that, Bobby?"

"Sure," he said. To agree with even the simplest suggestion seemed to give him a brimming pleasure today.

A sudden ridiculous relief went over her that he hadn't added, "Miss Merriam." She'd had the strangest feeling when the woman said, "your little boy": Then there wasn't anything about her looks to tell another woman such a thing would not be credible. She felt as if some vague disfigurement had all at once been sloughed off. She'd explain to the woman in a minute, but . . .

The woman began immediately to talk about her own children. "I have a little boy about the size of yours," she said. "How old is he?"

"Nine," Helen said.

Now was the time to explain. The woman would slip away a little, instinctively. This only basis of immediate



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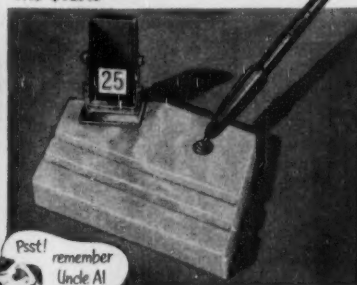
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contact (she'd seen it in so many other women talking to each other about their children) would be severed at once. She hesitated.

"But he takes size eleven in everything," she said.

The woman laughed. "I know," she said. "Don't they grow? I suppose he's all excited about Christmas." She half-sighed. "Well, these are their best years, aren't they?"

Their best years. It gave her a sudden pang. Were what should be his best years slipping by, without his ever knowing what a child's best years, in a full family, should be like? Sitting alone, he had on that look of indifference. She felt like reaching back to touch him.

But sitting with her, later, he was exuberant as any child, with the spell of going somewhere strange and new.

And Helen Merriam herself practiced a deceit she wouldn't have believed herself capable of. She deliberately fostered the impression now, of being an ordinary woman traveling at Christmas with her son. To be thought like the others, if only for a few hours, if only with people she would never see again . . . She even pretended apathy at some of his eager questions about the country they passed through, to make the illusion more convincing.

"Miss Merriam?" he began once.

"Who's she?" she said quickly, making a show of mock ignorance. "Let's not mention her name till school starts again, eh? We're on a holiday." She winked at him. He didn't understand, but he nodded and gave her back a willing conspiratorial grin.

About the time the lights came on in the train, she thought his face looked strained. He seemed restless. He kept asking, "How much longer before we get there?" She felt a flick of dismay. Was the trip wearing thin already?

☆ ☆ ☆

TRYING TO MAKE ENDS MEET

By Jean Leedale Knight

I struggle with tape and tags and seals,
And tucking corners inside;
Till, after a while, it's not the gift
But me that's fit to be tied!

☆ ☆ ☆

Then it came to her. (And with it the thought of all the other times a lonely child might have suffered desperately rather than ask an embarrassing question.)

"Watch where that man goes," she whispered. "When he comes out, you better . . ."

His fearsome gamut over, Bobby's smile was almost triumphant as he came back down the aisle. "Gosh," he said, "this is a swell train, isn't it? I wish it could be Christmas like this all the time, don't you?"

In spite of himself he fell asleep soon after. And riding along in the lighted train, she was so safe in happiness that for the first time she was able to pronounce in her mind the shameful word "alone." She thought: even if it's only a child, and he asleep, it's not like riding in a lighted train alone.

Showing Bobby the city was wonderful: she had something to communicate to someone else. He was

fascinated with everything. And though it gave her an ache, it was a kind of precious one, to see him looking at the price tags in the stores and then surreptitiously examining the contents of his purse; to see the look of studied indifference when he was impressed by something, but not wanting to appear strange.

The second morning, the day of Christmas Eve, she was going out to buy herself a new dress.

"You didn't lose the earrings, did

you?" Bobby said, coming into her room. "They were in such a little box."

She knew he was disappointed that she hadn't worn them. This was a hint to put them on. Well, they wouldn't look outrageous in the city . . . where half the people wore things that didn't suit them.

"Oh no," she laughed, "they're safe enough. And I think now's a good time to try them out, eh?"

She took them from her suitcase and fastened them on. Then she went to the

mirror, thinking she'd cover them as much as possible with her hair.

But it was funny. There is a certain type of plain appearance which a single bizarre touch—of lipstick, or ornament, or coiffure, or whatever—seems to lift right up into the remarkable. The earrings did that for Miss Merriam's face. She was astonished. She felt a sudden confidence, a strange buoyancy.

It was funny too about the sales-girls. Before, they'd always shown her matronly dresses. Now they brought out

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simple but stylish ones. And it was funny that this was the kind of dress she bought. Before she'd always got one which, after it was no longer "good," she could take for school. Now she bought one she couldn't possibly wear in the schoolroom.

She bought a new coat as well; and when the girl asked if she'd take them with her or have them sent, she said, no, she'd wear them. Her old clothes, which the girl packed into a box, looked suddenly like someone else's.

She was really gay that afternoon, as she planned what they'd do Christmas Eve. Would he like to go to a big restaurant for supper, and then to a show? Or would he . . . ?

But Bobby seemed distracted. "If you would," was all he'd say. He'd put on an eager face while she was looking at him; but as soon as her glance shifted away, his face would fall into that unassailable preoccupation a child has when he is secretly disturbed. She began to feel baffled.

"Miss Merriam," he said at last (forgetting their compact), "I don't think I feel so good."

Oh, heavens! "Where, dear?" she said. "How? Are you hot? Let me see."

She put her hand on his forehead. It was cool as ice.

"I think maybe it's in my stomach." "Where?" she said. "Here? (Appendicitis!) Does it pain?" "No," he said. "It don't pain. It's just kind of . . ."

She went quickly to the phone. "You lie down on your bed," she said (and thought, as she spoke, how that look of indifference had grown on his face last night when it came time to undress—until she'd made an excuse out of his room), "and I'll call a doctor." "Oh no," he pleaded quickly. "I think maybe it's a little better now."

He hesitated a minute. "I think Dad would know what to do."

Her fingers relaxed on the phone. And suddenly she felt a little sick herself.

"Would you like to go back on to-day's train?" she said.

He had a hard job to maintain

the solemn visage of illness long enough that the smile wouldn't take over too suspiciously soon.

"I'm having an awful good time, Miss Merriam," he said earnestly, "but I guess we'd better. Besides, Dad might be kinda lonesome."

She couldn't believe that this was the same train of two days ago.

She felt the old exclusion. She couldn't forget how the excitement of Bobby's trip had turned to ashes when

☆ ☆ ☆

TIP-OFF

By Mona Gould

A word to the ladies: "If you be wise
You won't give the gentlemen . . .
ties . . . ties . . . ties!"

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he thought of being away from his father on Christmas Eve. She might be an ordinary day's distraction. She wasn't a Christmas Eve thing. He'd left her the way a child you've been amusing leaves you so cruelly completely when another child appears.

She hadn't had time to wrap the packages they'd bought. She had planned that they'd carry some of them in their arms on the way home tomorrow as a badge of belonging. Now, this almost professional talent of hers to make a Christmas package look gay seemed like a fussy, marking, shameful one. She wished her fingers were clumsy and haphazard like most other women's.

The lights came on in the train. They shone out onto the great-flaked Christmas Eve snow which had just begun its hushed expectant falling. She felt the old dread. If it were only twelve o'clock . . .

When they neared their station she noticed the curious light in the faces of other people who were gathering their luggage together, to get off: the special light which comes to faces once a year; when you can almost see how they looked when they were children, and what kind of children they were. Her face didn't change.

There'd be no one waiting on the platform: glancing, glancing, and then, with recognition, the face-light flaring up suddenly as if the eyes had leapt a physical barrier. She made no pretence that she and Bobby were mother and son now. What she'd done before, now seemed like an indescribably foolish and shameful thing.

But they were met. Chris Fairfield was almost the first person she saw. Rather than the light of greeting, though, there was puzzlement on all their faces.

They moved toward each other through the jostling crowd. I suppose that woman would assume this was my husband, she thought. But wincing now, and wishing she could be somewhere alone, out of sight.

"Well!" Chris exclaimed. "What happened?"

"Hi, Dad," Bobby said.

"Bobby didn't feel very well," she said, letting her tone of voice tell the true story. "He thought you'd know what to do."

"Ohhhh." He tilted his head backward and pursed his lips. "I see. But that broke up your trip too. That's a shame."

"You've got a new suit and coat," Bobby said quickly. Chris had. He looked almost boyish in them.

"Yeah," he said. "Y'know what? I took it into my head to go in on the evening train and surprise you tomorrow morning."

For a second he looked a little crestfallen. Like Bobby, she thought, when he was disappointed about something, never dreaming that the disappointment was showing on his face. And she thought too: He couldn't bear to have me share Bobby's Christmas entirely . . . not even once.

"Miss Merriam's got new clothes too," Bobby said, still trying to head off any discussion of his guilt.

"So I see," Chris said. He laughed. "Well, it looks like we're all dressed up and no place to go."

She'd never seen him in a jocular mood like this. It must be the new

clothes, she thought. He looked like she'd felt when she first put on the earrings and looked into the mirror.

"I know," Bobby said eagerly. "Seeing you planned to go anyway, why don't we all go back on the evening train?"

Chris glanced at Miss Merriam.

"Oh no, Bobby," she said. "We couldn't do that. Now we're here."

The old awkwardness had come back to her more acutely than ever. His father's idea to surprise Bobby on

Christmas morning would have been fine for Bobby, but she'd have felt like a stranger. She was thankful that Bobby had brought her home.

"Well," Chris said. "I guess . . . if we're going home . . . we better pick up a car before they're all spoken for." He moved off.

She didn't know why that should have anything to do with it, but watching him back-to, dressed up for town but not quite as glib and pushing as the others, his nature somehow crystalized and

clarified by the presence of strangers, she realized something for the first time.

I love him, she thought. She had the crazy, following, thought: If it hadn't been for my new clothes and his new suit and meeting here in this strange place, I'd never have known it. She knew too why she loved this child so particularly. It was primarily as an extension of his father. The whole picture came to her so quickly she felt faint. She felt like an old woman, glimpsing a vision of some other way it

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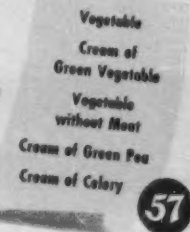


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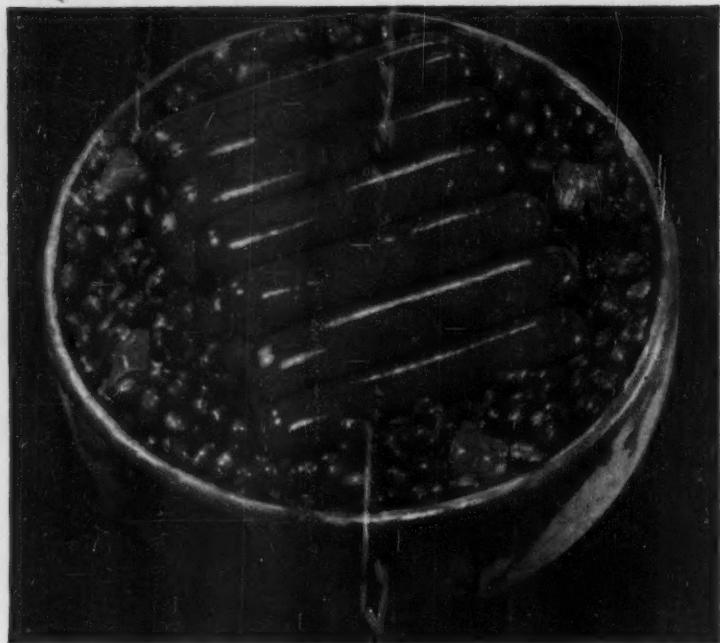
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might have been if she'd only known... way back then.

Chris signaled for them. He collected the suitcases and they were ready to go. It was a car with no trunk.

"You two set in back with the suitcases and your son in front?" the driver said.

She winced again. Would people never stop making that mistake? It seemed now as if the whole world were in some conspiracy to mock her. She glanced at Chris. He was half-smiling, as if the man's implication were such a ridiculous idea he couldn't keep his face straight. He doesn't even take the trouble to correct it, she thought.

"I'll sit in front," she said.

"Aw no," Bobby said. "Let's all sit in behind, together. We can make room."

It was exactly the kind of Christmas Eve you saw on all the cards. Calm unhurried moonlight fell on the white road, polishing the sled-runner tracks like isinglass, except where the dark shadows of the spruces latticed them. The cold star-fire seemed softened, and flakes of snow drifted down dreamily against the headlights, like leaves from a twig. Even the car seemed to lose its machine-coldness. Its purr sounded cosy and animate. She saw the night with the awful clarity a night has for you, if your feelings are not attuned to it. We're part of the picture on the cards too, she thought ironically: a man and woman riding home and the child between them falling asleep in spite of himself.

The car radio was playing "Holy Night."

"Maybe you're sick of the carols," the driver said.

"Well, I think they overdo them, don't you?" she said, as casually as she could manage. He turned the radio off.

When they'd almost reached her boardinghouse, she glanced at her watch. It was only half-past ten. She caught her breath. An hour and a half yet...

And now Chris would have to explain to the driver, when he let her out. They'd probably joke about it after she'd gone

up the path, the mood he was in tonight.

Opposite the driveway, when he still gave no sign to the driver, she sat up in the seat. But Chris shook his head.

"We might as well just make the one stop," he whispered. "It's only a jump. I'll walk back with you. And I got something I made at the house I want to show you."

She relaxed in the seat again, but she couldn't summon interest in even Bobby's Christmas things now.

At the house the driver had no change for the ten-dollar bill Chris gave him. They both examined the contents of all their pockets in the light of the head lamps, but they still couldn't make it.

She looked in her purse. "I have some change," she said; and among them they worked the thing out. She had seen a man and woman doing that before too.

Bobby didn't awake when Chris took him out of the car. He carried him to the house in his arms.

"I guess you'll have to open the door," he said to her. "The key's in my outside pocket there."

She fished out the key, her fingers almost useless with self-consciousness, and opened the door.

"Perhaps I'd better take him right up and put him in bed, do you think?" he said. "You can light the lamp. I guess the big one's in the front room. The matches are there by the dish cupboard. I'll be just a minute. Then I'll walk back with you."

She lit the lamp. There was no fire in the room stove, but the tree sprang awake at the light, and its soft incarnate smell warmed the air.

Chris seemed to have lost most of his earlier sureness and jocularly when he came downstairs again; to be more his old awkward self. He was carrying something in his hand. Though the object wasn't wrapped, she couldn't imagine what it was until he passed it to her.

"It's for you," he said abruptly. She thought of Bobby with the earrings.

She gazed at it, speechless. It was the loveliest thing she had ever seen...

Continued on page 44

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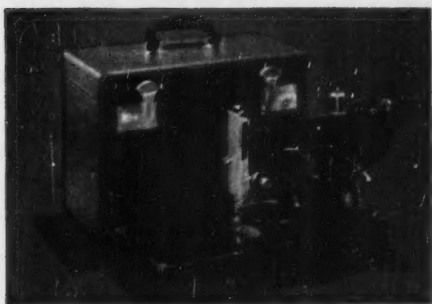
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but she couldn't very well say that. Because it was a little statuette of herself.

She could see that it was nothing he'd made in the last few days; he must have been working on it, carving and tinting, for weeks. Sometime or other he must have studied every detail of her face, to repeat them. And yet—the wonderful part—he hadn't repeated them exactly. It didn't repeat the tidy way she looked; somehow, its intricate perfection caught the fluid, flexible, outgoing way she

felt inside. And the dress wasn't like any he'd ever seen her wear. It was a dress more like the one she had just bought. And in the ears, in absolutely clear and perfect detail, were replicas of the very earrings, the extravagant earrings she was wearing now.

She couldn't think what to say. He had turned aside. She thought of Bobby at the blackboard.

"So you chose the earrings?" she said. "Well, it was his idea," he said. "I picked them out."

The breath he drew was so deep it was audible. "You should have a ring to go with them," he added.

She didn't pretend she didn't know what he meant.

But curiously, right then, she felt the exclusion more acutely even than in the train. It's for Bobby, she thought. He saw how well it went with the three of us at the tree the other afternoon. He knows that Bobby needs a woman in the house. I love him and he's asking me to marry him; but why, when it comes my

way, does even this have to be a cold-blooded, reasoned thing . . . in connection with someone else?

When she didn't answer, he spoke again. Almost doggedly now; as if once he'd started it must all come out.

"I know it's asking a lot," he said. "There'd be Bobby to look after. And maybe Bobby . . . I don't know. But he likes you, you know that. And, well, maybe even if he was jealous of you for a little while . . . well, if you would . . . a man has to think of his own life a little too, I guess."

He looked up.

Now what did I say right then, he thought, to make her face change like that?

He had no way of knowing that even before the full effect struck her of realizing that it was for herself alone . . . that so far from being in


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DECEMBER SNOW

By Ruth E. Scharfe

Winter walked the town this evening,
Wearing garments new and white;
Spread the streets with woolly blankets,
(saw the maples in their plight)
Folded them in stoles of ermine;
Plumed the wires with eiderdown,
Piled the roofs with snowy pillows
Snugly covered up the town.

connection with Bobby entirely, even if Bobby should be difficult for awhile, he'd still . . . that someone, he, had been hinting to spend Christmas with her—that even before that, she was thinking: Never again will I have my cards mailed on time. That she was thinking: Never again can the others ask me somewhere, without having to consider the possibility of me having another plan. That she couldn't speak because she had just glanced at her watch, and it was only half-past eleven, and she wasn't afraid at all.

When she laughed, she looked like the statuette, physically.

"But can you afford a ring," she said, "after what the earrings cost you?"

"What?" His face was comically irresolute between amusement and embarrassment. "Did Bobby stick that slip in the box? Well, the little . . ."

Then he chuckled, and she felt the earrings in her ears like Christmas stars. This was really like it was when she had seen a quiet man and a quiet woman, who were nothing more than just quiet people in other's eyes, chuckling together in the sharing of an understanding and humor that was like no one else's . . . at some action of a child. Or at anything whatever.

"But listen to me, Helen," he said, "what about the ring? You haven't said about the ring."

She nodded. "Yes," she said quietly. "But we'd better go now."

She was thinking that if they hurried there'd still be time for her to turn on the radio in her room and catch one last carol anyway. +

BORROWED DOLLARS

Continued from page 13

crawled out of bed to stand with her head poked between the blind and the window frame.

All the blinds were down in the row of narrow gabled houses across the street, and between blinds and panes hung paper wreaths of red and green, some enclosing a red candle with a yellow bulb burning to hail the season. Snow powdered the gables and the tiny front lawns.

"Anna, you should be asleep already." Her mother was reaching under the bed for her broken old slippers.

"Yet, mama." Her mother never had grasped the difference between yet and already. She was pushing her feet into the slippers and twining her thick, greying blond plait into a knob on the nape of her neck. Her round face was firm-cheeked, her mild blue eyes set far apart and heavily lashed like young Peter's. Anna inherited from her only the short straight nose and rather wide mouth, the lower lip full and curved. To her young, still indefinite features it gave an expression of warmth and uncertainty, but to her mother's face it gave a look of quietness, of good-humored adaptability and kindness.

"Want me to call the boys, Mum?"

"There's time. You know, Anna"—she reached for the large amber pin on the bureau to hold the knob of hair—"they are on my mind all day, our boys."

Anna shivered before wriggling into her slip. "Why? They're all right, aren't they?"

"By themselves too much for such little boys." Her mother pulled on the dressing gown that had belonged to her father. The short square pink hands, with knuckles large and wrinkled from too much scrubbing, washing and ironing, were incredibly nimble. "Boys so lively as ours get into trouble quick like rabbit jumps."

Anna tossed her pyjamas onto a chair. "I watch them till they go to school, and you're here at lunch-time, and I watch them after school while they play around Crumbback's, don't I?"

She was aware of her mother's long look of enquiry but would not turn to face it.

"Your temper coming short now, Anna. Something wrong? Bernie not ask you to Holiday Dance already?"

There it was again, that funny jumping in her middle, making her voice come out in a discontented whine. "It's not that, mum. It's just that you're fussing about Peter and Julian for nothing. They're exactly like all the other little boys, bonest."

"But Peter had a catchapullet—with beans he had it."

"Mama, catapult. I took it away from him, didn't I?"

Her mother stood up suddenly, pulling the bold blue robe about her short firm full body. "I guess maybe I spoil weather by worrying, don't I?" She laughed softly, fine lines fanning out from her eyes. "What for? I got three good kids, sure."

Tree, she said. Anna seldom noticed that she could not utter correctly the *th* sound. It did not matter much after you heard her singing the old Ukrainian songs while she braided the yellow dough, or sprinkled poppy seeds over the

buns she made every Saturday. It did not matter at all after you had felt those firm capable hands cool on your hot sick head, or holding you close and steady, safe, after some stupid yet terrible thing at school or play sent you flying homeward for consolation and reassurance.

The boys were up now, racing down the hall to the bathroom. Anna went to supervise their daily attempts to souse everything but themselves with soapy water. She sat on the

rim of the bathtub to watch their agile movements, wondering why she didn't feel like laughing with them, or teasing them as she usually did.

Blond Peter was inclined to lean heavily upon the dignity of being eight years old while Julian slithered under the tag "Only Seven" with that gusty infectious laughter peculiar to boys who are pickled in mischief from birth. It was always Julian who led the way, daring Peter.

"Ice skates," Peter began reciting as

he stared at his hands in the water. "Ice skates, hockey sticks, candy and a compass—"

"And a flashlight!" Julian yelled, and in the pre-Christmas ardor of small boys he turned upon Anna and gave her bare arm a loving kiss while frothing at the mouth with toothpaste.

Anna pushed him away roughly. "For goodness' sake, stop your nonsense and hurry up!"

Her mother came to the doorway. Looking steadily at Anna until Anna's

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½ c. almonds, blanched and
halved
1½ c. once-sifted pastry flour
or 1½ c. once-sifted all-
purpose flour
3 tsps. Magic Baking Powder
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. ground cinnamon
½ tsp. ground ginger
½ tsp. grated nutmeg
¼ tsp. ground cloves
1 c. chopped suet
1 c. coarse soft bread crumbs

1¼ c. lightly-
packed brown sugar
1½ c. shredded raw
apple
1 c. shredded raw carrot
3 eggs, well beaten
½ c. cold coffee

Wash and dry seedless raisins and currants; add seeded raisins, peels, citron and almonds. Mix and sift 3 times, flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt and spices; add fruits and nuts, a few at a time; mix well; mix in suet, bread crumbs, sugar, apple and carrot. Combine eggs and coffee; add to pudding and mix thoroughly. Three-quarters fill greased large pudding mould with batter; cover with wet cookery parchment or with greased heavy paper; tie down. Steam, closely covered, for 4 hours. Uncover pudding until cold, then wrap closely and store 2 or 3 weeks. To re-heat pudding, steam 1½ hours. Serve with hard sauce or any other suitable sauce. Yield: 10 servings.

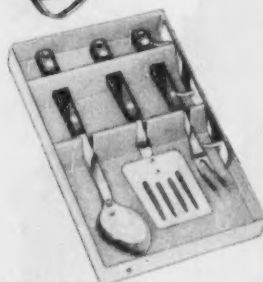
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flush of anger became one of shame, she scolded soothingly. "By now, Julian, you should know to do what Anna says like I told you how many times yet?"

Peter handed Julian's towel to him with such an air of solicitude that Anna left them, her bare heels thumping ominously. She pulled the bedding off the beds, hastily tucking the fifteen borrowed dollars under the mattress with the fifty earned and saved. She made her mother's bed first. There was a wide band of crocheted lace across the sugar-sack pillowcases and bright cross-stitch flowers rambled over the heavy white sheet which served as a bedspread. She wished they had chenille bedspreads, a green one for herself and a pink one for her mother.

That day her father had died when she was ten — that day when the world fell apart until her mother put it together again by just being herself and taking up each day with care, with gratitude for what they had — her father had come home from work with an armful of pink honeysuckle, and he had kissed her mother on both cheeks right out on the steps where all the neighbors could see how it was with them. Just a pain in his chest, he had said, but when he went to sleep it was coronary thrombosis.

He would be glad she was getting the hearing-aid for her mother. He had loved making little gifts and surprises. Smoothing out the pillow she paused to think how he had looked, big and solid, and the smell of soot and iron from the roundhouse clinging to him. She could sift through her mind to find this older image of Julian, the warm quick smile and steady dark eyes.

Suddenly, thinking of those searching eyes, Anna pushed the memory from

her, and thumped the pillows vigorously again. It was just her imagination. Her father had never looked at her as if she were weighed and found wanting.

"I don't want any breakfast," she called into the kitchen, careful to say each syllable distinctly. "My stomach doesn't feel good."

Her mother opened the door between bedroom and kitchen "I got a pill—"

"And I don't want any pill either. I just don't feel hungry." Seeing her mother's sharply anxious look she relented. "I'll eat a big lunch."

Her mother never nagged; it was one of the nicest things about her. In gratitude Anna sewed a button on her mother's coat and brought her clean starched apron from the bureau. Her mother left before eight o'clock for her first job of the day. Being Monday she would go to Mrs. Barron's in the morning, and in the afternoon to Mrs. Canning's. She went out bare-headed, the winter sunlight glinting in her bright hair and on the toes of her highly polished black shoes. The boys, toast in hand, watched her from the kitchen window where the red Cellophane wreath and tinfoil bells were hung, waving solemnly when she turned to look back.

While Anna washed dishes the boys darted about picking up the things they had scattered at play the evening before. At eight-thirty they said good-by in flat glad-to-be-going tones and raced off to school. She hadn't checked their ears and fingernails. Gathering up her schoolbooks, locking the door after her, she left some of the discontent behind for an even more disturbing melancholy. She dawdled along Elgin Street hoping Helen and Mary had gone on without her, but they were waiting as usual.

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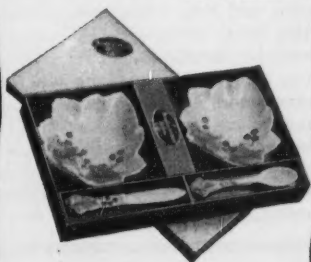
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"Who died?" Mary demanded.
"Why?"
"You look positively goopy."
"That's how I feel."

For a moment she was tempted to
confide about the fifteen dollars, the
hearing-aid, what Christmas carols
mean to someone slowly going deaf.
The whole matter seemed too large and
possessed too many tentacles of ifs and
buts for her to cope with it alone. Even
while she thought of telling, she knew
she wouldn't. What would they say?

Kicking up the old leaves from under
the powdery snow, listening to their
excited chatter about Christmas Day,
she knew she could never tell them about
the fifteen dollars. She didn't want to
hear what they might have to say.
Funny, how it no longer made her feel
light and happy to think how surprised
her mother would be tomorrow when
she first put on the hearing-aid. Tomor-
row noon she could take the bus to the
store that sold the kind she wanted, and
tomorrow evening her mother would
hear without looking at their lips, and
the little crease of tension which had
grown up between her brows would
smooth away.

Helen was smugly triumphant because
Ivan Wolford had asked her to the Holi-
day Dance. Ivan headed her list. Mary
dolefully announced her intention of going
with Phil Tottie if Glen Yetwood didn't
hurry up and find his
tongue about it.

"I'm wasting my
life on him," she wail-
ed. "Six weeks now,
I've wasted, waiting
for him to speak to
me, but all he does is
grin at me across the
room and when we're
outside he just keeps
grinning and walk-
ing."

"You're being too
obvious about the
whole thing," Helen
said with maddening
loftiness. "Anna's
just the same. Bernie
hasn't asked her yet."

Anna shifted the
weight of her books
to the other hip. "I
don't care whether he
does or not."

"You had a fight?"
Mary asked eagerly.

"No. I just don't
care is all."

"You're just saying
that, Anna Pekisko,"
Helen accused and
ran ahead as the last
bell rang.

Anna didn't run.
She felt heavy and
dull-witted. Bernie
came rushing down a
corridor, spun on his
heel to wave both
mitts at her. It used
to make her laugh,
the way he would do
it, but now she only
smiled apathetically.
At noon he waited
until he saw her alone
before coming to

stand beside her by the iron railing
enclosing the grounds. He was not
much taller than she but he had big
shoulders and held his head up, like
a soldier, as Julian said. His eyes were
deep-set and very blue, his voice un-
certain still. Sometimes it was an
amusing squeak and other times it was a
most disconcerting baritone, rich and
full-toned.

"I have to cram some English," she
said before he could speak. "I'm getting
miles behind."

"Could I help you?"
She stared intently at the boys racing
around the track at the far end of the
school ground. The sunlight was thin
yet warm, and the crisp old leaves from
the beeches under which they stood
rattled at every step. Bernie hadn't
done a thing yet she wished he would
go away; she wanted to be alone.

"It's not that bad, thanks."
"What's eating you, Anna?" This
time his voice squeaked as her glance
licked over his angular tanned face.

"Nothing. Why?"
"Because you seem different. I tried
several times to speak to you about the
Holiday Dance, but it seemed you were
always in a hurry or you had to do some-

thing. I wanted to know if it would be
all right for me to call for you next
Saturday. You are coming, aren't you?"

That terrible jumping in her middle
again, or was it in her mind? She felt
flustered and inexplicably irritable. "I
don't know yet. I haven't made up my
mind to go yet."

He looked disappointed. "This is the
last day of school," he said kicking a
stone from under the leaves as he moved
a few steps away from her. Turning, he
added, "I'd help you with what's
bothering you, Anna. I mean, if I
could, I would."

Anna felt a slow burn on her cheeks.
"It's nothing, Bernie, honest. It's
just—I haven't made up my mind yet."

"Okay."
He drifted back to the other boys and
she went into the empty classroom,
opened her books, and sat staring
blankly at them. Once before she had
felt like this, jittery and out of sorts.
It happened ages ago when she was not
quite six. Her mother had saved pennies
in a white china jar with a picture of
Niagara Falls painted on it, and this jar
had been kept in the sideboard with the
best dishes. She had taken a penny
and bought a stick of candy. Halfway



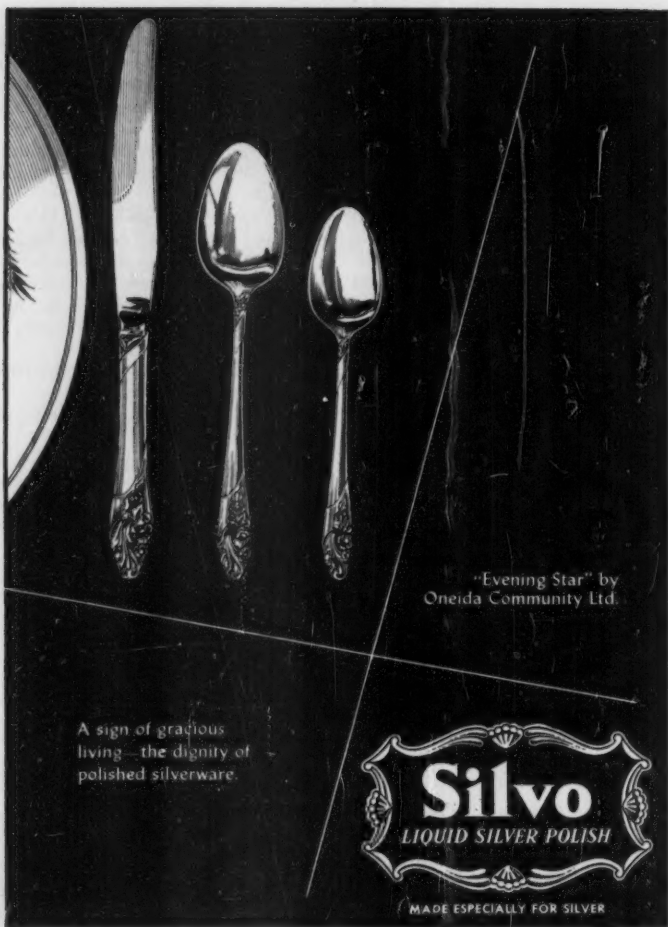
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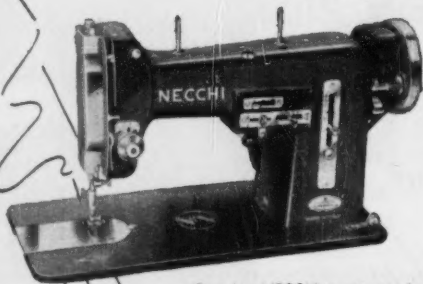
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home from the store everything had seemed big and frightening, and she had stopped at a sewer grating to stuff the candy out of sight.

Well, she was fifteen now and she was going out to put the money back in the cash register as fast as she earned it. She would do an extra night of baby-sitting to earn it faster.

Suppose she broke her leg, or one of the boys became sick so she had to stay at home to nurse him? How would she pay it back then? What would she say to Mr. Crumback if, when she went to the store after school, he asked her why the money was a little short? What would she say? Whatever it was it would likely be untrue, and what would he think if he saw her blush as she most surely would if he ever questioned her?

She hunched over the grammar, pushing the matter out of her mind, telling herself she was being silly. The matter gave way to the consideration of participles and conjunctions yet lingered in her mind, poking insistently at her thoughts, demanding attention.

Mr. Crumback, little and bent and bald, greeted her jovially at four o'clock. He darted and skittered up and down the two long aisles of his store, dividing his time between customers and the stack of records on the player under a counter which sent cheery waves of carols from the loudspeaker over the door. The counters were heaped with magazines, toys, dishes—anything costing less than five dollars. Housewives sauntered about in twos and threes and children crouched over the rack of comic books. The high-school gang lounged by the cooler with their cokes, but Anna was too busy to do more than wave to them when they called her.

At six-thirty the store was almost empty. She lifted her books from the shelf under the toy counter and was calling good-by to Mr. Crumback when she remembered that she had not seen Peter or Julian. Had Mr. Crumback seen them? No, he had not. Anna ran all the way to the dingy brick school. Peter and Julian were there playing handball with a group of older boys.

"Supper!" she shouted angrily in her relief at seeing them safe.

They tagged homeward after her, scuffling their shoes, talking softly so she

would not hear all they had to say. At the side entrance leading to the small flat over Mr. MacTavish's Grocery Store they sagged down on the step. "We don't wanna go in yet. We'll wait for mum."

"Don't go off the block—and don't bother Mr. MacTavish!"

She had time to peel potatoes and set the table before her mother came up the stairs, grimacing at every step. "Clumsy. Dropped a heavy thing on my foot, Anna. Where our boys?"

"They were on the step."

"I didn't see them. I got sausage for supper."

"I'll call them in a minute. Sit here and let me see your foot, mama." Her mother sat in the chair by the window, Anna knelt to help her peel off the stocking. There was a raw red look about her mother's foot that made her frown in sympathy. "Warm water, mum? You sit there and I'll fix it. Get your breath."

She took her mother's coat into the bedroom, filled a basin with warm water and set it at her mother's feet. "Put both in, mum. Rest them a while, eh? Here come the boys now."

From the sound on the stairs it was the boys and someone else, someone heavy on his feet. Mr. MacTavish walked like that. "Come in," she said to the brief rap on the door.

It was Mr. MacTavish, one brawny hand upon his round hip and the other holding high the wrists of Peter and Julian as if he were holding up a pair of live chickens to be appraised. His pale face was grave, but his eyes were dancing, two glittering chips of topaz under bushy dark brows.

"Your boys, ma'am," he said, his burr showing as he boomed to be heard, "wass playing about my store and I wass busy, you see? Time and again I say to your boys, 'Don't touch my eggs.' Don't touch my eggs," he repeated slowly, and Peter whimpered putting a grimy fist to his eyes. Julian stared at his mother, stricken by the alarm on her face. "They don't touch a thing, Mrs. Pekisko, ever—just my eggs, so nice and handy on the wire stand, you see?" The merriment in the Scotsman's eyes was unholy yet his voice was as calm and factual as a deacon's at a church Board meeting. "As they go out my door, I

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say to put back my eggs and they say they have no eggs, being very small boys. So I gi' their back pockets a wee spank for fun, you see?"

He twirled the wrists he held, turning Julian and Peter around. Anna put her hand over her mouth, caught between laughter and dismay. Her mother stood up to see, both feet still in the white basin, and then sat down again. "I see, Mr. MacTavish. How many eggs?"

Mr. MacTavish scratched his high forehead, looking down at the cringing boys with the wet-seated jeans. "Julian three, Peter two."

"Anna, pay Mr. MacTavish. My purse is on the table there."

Mr. MacTavish released the boys who ran whimpering down the hall to lock themselves in the bathroom. He put his hands under his wide white apron, laughing softly, shaking his big head. "No, Mrs. Pekisko, no money. They won't touch my eggs again, and they did it for mischief, not because they steal, you see? Just little fellows—"

He went away still laughing and shaking his head. Anna laughed uncertainly looking at her mother who sat still, staring out on the narrow darkening street, her hands folded in her lap. "Oh mum, it was funny."

There was an uncomfortable pause. "No, Anna. It was not funny."

Anna pleaded the edge of a cotton towel nervously. "Why not, mum?"

Her mother did not turn her head; a little sigh escaped her. "When you were small, my Anna, your father was with me to help me teach you. He is not here to help me teach our boys."

Anna remained silent, watching her mother's profile against the window and the glinting of the red Cellophane wreath above her head like a tipsy halo. The potatoes were boiling, the steam hissing sibilantly in the quiet room. One train shunted with an ear-splitting racket, and Mr. MacTavish below was laughing loudly. He would be telling a customer. To him it was funny.

"I can't watch our boys for to make sure they do right things." Her mother's voice was sad, lonely and anxious as it had never been before. Anna cringed, bending her head; she could not bear her mother's unhappiness. "I try to teach them so they won't be happy doing wrong things, so they feel sick inside when they do what is wrong, but I can't watch them all day. I'm not here to tell them so often like I told you, Anna, when you were small, every day and every day, so now I don't ever worry about you like that. You been always a happy girl because you don't do wrong things, only sometimes little crazy things like all young girls—"

Anna let the towel slide out of her hands. All the tension and restlessness of the past week were summed up in this moment of acute misery. Surely nothing in her whole life would be more painful than to hate her own self.

The boys hovered now in the doorway, dragging their sodden jeans, their heads hanging sheepishly. Anna put the patched trousers to soak in a pail of cold water while her mother dried her feet and put on her slippers. Supper was a silent meal. Anna chewed determinedly and swallowed painfully yet tasted nothing. Peter continued to sniffle now and then and after supper he had hiccups so his mother patted his back and smiled at him. The hiccups stopped,



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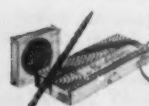


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but he continued to lean against her burying his face against her shoulder. Julian crept to the other side, timid and uncertain of his welcome. His mother put her arm about him and drew him close.

"Now I talk to my boys, sons of Maxim Pekisko," she said in Ukrainian softly and tenderly as if she were speaking to sick children, and began telling an old story of a good man who did a bad thing.

Anna slipped into the bedroom and put her hand under her mattress. With three five-dollar bills in her hand she snatched her coat from the hook behind the door and crept down the dark stairs. Out in the streets she ran until a stitch tore at her ribs. Mr. Crumback did not close the store until eight o'clock, but she hurried anyway, not thinking what she would do or say when she got there.

She pulled open the big red door and the crepe paper decorations fluttered in the sudden gust of cold air. Mr. Crumback was talking to two men in overalls at the rear of the store where the kegs of nails stood. He waved to Anna, then turned his back and went on talking. Anna fished a few pennies from her pocket, lifted a small bar of candy from the counter. The cash register jingled loosely as the wide drawer flew out. She stuffed the bills into it, then dropped the pennies into their place. When the drawer clicked shut it was like having a door fly open inside herself letting out what had almost smothered her to death.

She sauntered homeward, her hands in her pockets and her face lifted to the clear cold wind. Her mother would not have the hearing-aid in time to hear the carols as clearly as Anna heard them, but next year she would. For this Christmas Anna would give her the fifty dollars saved, and the promise of saving the other fifteen needed, as soon as possible. Behind her sounded the tinny *ubirr* of an old bicycle bell. It was Bernie Sharbot.

"Hi," she said shyly, feeling suddenly strange with him.

"Your mother didn't know where you were, Anna." He walked beside her pushing the bicycle with one hand. "I called around to see if you'd changed your mind about the Holiday Dance, or made it up yet."

She wanted to skip. It was a silly sensation that started nowhere in particular and ran all through her.

"Well, Anna?" He sounded uneasy and anxious. They had reached the side entrance of her home and he had begun nervously twisting the bell around the handlebar until she reached out and touched his arm to let him know that everything was all right. "Come on up, Bernie. There's some cake left. And I'd love to go on Saturday—wouldn't miss it for anything."

"Women!" Bernie sighed in relief, but he followed her up the stairs and into the small white kitchen. The boys were in bed and her mother sat at the table with a cup of coffee reading the morning paper which Mr. MacTavish always left for her. She smiled contentedly as Anna busied herself cutting two generous slices of raisin cake and pouring two glasses of milk.

"The morning paper yet," she said licking a pink forefinger to turn a page. "Always I like to read old news. It doesn't scare you like the new news."

She waved her hand so airily that Bernie laughed outright, his eyebrows wriggling as always when he was intrigued.

"We've bought skates and hockey sticks for our boys," Anna told him. "Their first. Mr. MacTavish let us hide them in his cellar."

"And two compass," her mother added, her eyes glinting, "to go to the North Pole when they are bigger, and two flashlight to see the way back again."

They laughed together and Anna said wonderingly, "You know, I just couldn't feel it was Christmas time until now, and now I really feel it. Day after to-morrow—Christmas!"

When Bernie had gone Anna spread her schoolbooks over the kitchen table and made little notes here and there for the new term. When she closed the books she said, "Christmas singing at church tomorrow night, mama."

Her mother did not hear her so she touched her sleeve and repeated the words. Her mother shrugged quickly. "So—I think this year I stay at home. I don't sing so good now. Too old."

When they were getting ready for bed Anna put her hand under the mattress and pulled out the wad of crumpled bills. Her mother was sitting on her bed lightly massaging the sore foot, her lips pursed ruefully.

"Mama, you aren't too old to sing good—it's just you don't hear yourself very well. I saved this money for a hearing-aid but you need fifteen more. But it's fifty dollars for Christmas, mama."

Her mother's hand fluttered over the bills falling into her lap. "So much money! Where did you get so much?"

"Scrimped it, mum." Anna knelt by the bed and put her elbows on her mother's knees, giggling a little nervously. "Since last summer, *bonest*. When I get fifteen more—maybe by St. Valentine's Day—then you can buy the hearing-aid."

"Anna—"

It was not love alone shining in her mother's tired face but something else equally as precious. It was respect. It glowed there, so richly satisfying that Anna wriggled with pleasure, pressed her cheek impulsively against her mother's arm. Her mother turned to slide her hand under the thin lumpy mattress, drew out four rumpled old five-dollar bills.

"I saved, too, because it is terrible not to hear what you say—"

Anna laughed, hugging the hand that held the jade dollars, feeling tears close to her eyes. "O mum, isn't that wonderful? You can get it tomorrow after all!"

Her mother looked at the money scattered in her lap. "Yes. Yes, wonderful," she said, but in the tender way she passed her hand over Anna's cheek and hair Anna knew she did not mean money was wonderful, or saving, or even hearing the carols and all, but something which could not be seen nor touched, but which was nevertheless real and powerful. ♦

☆ ☆ ☆

DECEMBER SONG

By Lorrie McLaughlin

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Or skating costumes bold;
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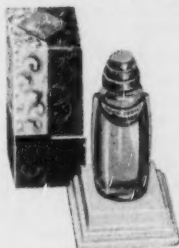
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KITTEN NAMED CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 21

saying that The Princess Elizabeth would be very happy to have a Siamese kitten for her very own.

The whole house was electrified by the news.

Santa, Nicholas, Holly, Jolly and Christmas swelled with pride, and all purred loudly. As to Susan—Susan was frantic with delight. She flew up and down the stairs six times, right round the garden four times, up the road and back three times, with her tail all bristly and stuck out like a bottle brush, and finished up by turning a somersault on the drawing-room carpet. Then she took a long drink of water and went up to the nursery.

"Come here, Christmas, darling," she said.

Christmas scampered to his mother, and together they climbed into a basket in the corner. Susan must have told him that he was going to live with Princess Elizabeth, because from that day he seemed to try hard to do what she told him. He always washed before and after meals, and he didn't make any mess on the carpet when eating. He ate all his bits of fat, and all his greens, and all his crusts, never leaving bits on the edge of his plate. He remembered to let his mother and little sister Holly walk through a door in front of him, and he allowed the others to have their share of the warmest corner of the bed, and he learned never to scratch when company was present.

It was decided that a Siamese kitten going to live at Buckingham Palace couldn't have a name like "Christmas," just because he was born at Christmas time. Mistress said she thought "Corsham" should come into his name, "then everybody here would feel they had a share in him."

"But he is my very own royal boy," said Susan.

"Royal boy—Corsham Royal Boy," Mistress said it over.

"I quite approve," said Susan.

"Jolly fine name," said Holly, Jolly, Santa and Nicholas. Christmas said nothing. He just sat and blinked.

"We'll call him Boy for short," said Mistress.

Boy was growing very fast, and

learning all he could about how to be a little royal cat. But being good all the time is hard, you know, and one day Boy was very naughty. In Mistress' house there was a little room called the pantry, into which the kittens were forbidden to go.

Mischief in the Pantry

One morning when Mistress was busy, Boy and little sister Holly crept inside and hid behind a large tin marked "Bread." As the kittens were very small and the tin was very large, Mistress never saw them, and closed the door behind her, shutting them inside.

"This is going to be fun," said Boy. "Come on, Holly, let's explore."

"Oh, but Boy, we might get into trouble," she said.

"Nonsense! I'm not going to be good today," he said. "I'm going to enjoy myself."

A little nervously at first, they climbed up onto a large stone jar, labeled "Beans," and peeped into a tin marked "Flour." Then—

"Come here, Holly," whispered Boy. "I've found something wonderful."

There, right under their noses, was the most delicious-looking meat pie you ever saw in your life. It was golden and crispy and just a little bit warm, and smelt—oh, how good it smelt!

"If we each eat one tiny little bit off the edge, no one will know," said Boy.

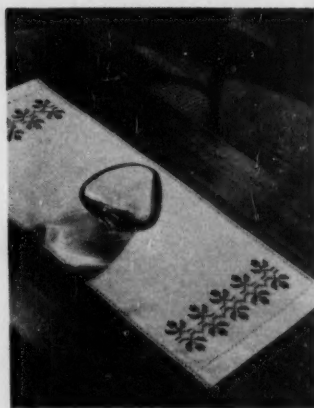
But the pie was so good it was very hard to stop eating, and Boy's foot suddenly went plop through the crust into the warm rich gravy. Then it just wasn't possible for Holly and Boy to stop eating, and so they went on and on and—the pantry door opened... and Mistress appeared.

She took one look at the pie, and at the two greasy and gravy-bedraggled kittens, but before she could say a word—they fled. Boy jumped into the tin marked "Flour" and Holly tried to jump to the floor but she fell heavily, knocking her face on the edge of the shelf and cutting her eye. Holly ran, crying miserably, into a corner, her little chocolate face screwed up with pain.

Mistress picked her up, and bathed the poor little blue eye with warm water.

Boy watched it all, peeping over the top of the flour bin, and was sick with

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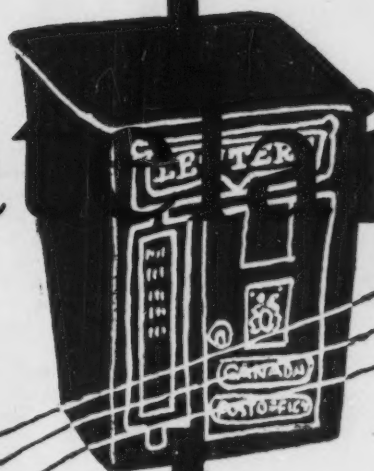
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fright. He felt every bit of it was his fault. Oh, if only he had behaved like a royal kitten, all this would never have happened.

Boy Has Callers

He scrambled out of the bin, smothered in flour, and stood crying bitterly. The kitchen floor was red, so wherever he walked he left a white paw-mark, and when he tried to wash, the flour stuck to him like paste, and tasted very nasty.

The Muffet family, upset over darling Holly, had all forgotten Boy—except his mother. Susan remembered him, and came looking for him. And, like all real mothers, she wasn't cross with him then for being naughty, because he was miserable, and so very, very sorry. But the next day Boy had no fish for dinner and only water to drink. Nobody said anything, but everyone knew the reason.

Boy was growing very big, and his days began to get very busy. Photographers came to see him. They put Royal Boy onto the table, sat him on cushions, and even on top of Mistress' workbasket in order to take photographs of him. Boy didn't like it at all, until Susan Muffet told him that Royalty were always most polite about having their photographs taken. Then he sat down with his mother right in front of the camera.

It was decided that Boy must give a reception to the people of Corsham, so that everybody could see him before he went to the Palace. When the day came, the kittens were all washed and brushed and Boy wore a large pale blue bow which made his eyes look bluer than ever. All afternoon and evening the people, big and little, young and old, came to see him and everybody loved him. Boy was picked up and cuddled and kissed, stroked and petted, until he was quite worn out, and got so tired he had to be shaken awake to blink wearily at his admirers.

He was now ten weeks old, and growing rapidly. The time was going very quickly, and there was still a great deal to be done. It was by now decided

that Boy should go to Buckingham Palace on March 12, 1948, and that he should travel by train, in a large new basket, carried by Mistress. Jolly would share the basket as far as Paddington Station with him, on his way to his new home. This pleased Boy very much.

The next excitement was his collar. Boy had always longed to wear a collar, like his mother. When the collar came it was very blue and very shiny, and a silver locket dangled in front on which was engraved "Corsham Royal Boy."

Another morning Mistress gave him a spoonful of castor oil! Boy was furious! He coughed and spluttered, and said, "Horrid stuff!"

"Yes, darling," Susan Muffet consoled him, "but it will make your coat look lovely."

Next he was brushed and combed and even powdered, and Boy, like all other boys, thought it was a great fuss about nothing. And then the following morning Mistress came into the nursery, very early.

"Today you are going to Buckingham Palace, my darling Boy," she said.

Boy Says Good-by

Boy was too excited to eat any breakfast that morning. He flew down the stairs, followed by Holly, Nicholas, Santa and Jolly, and there, in the hall, stood Mistress in her best grey nurse's uniform and the new basket open and ready beside her. Inside it there was a beautiful blanket bound with blue ribbon, a hot-water bottle in a blue velvet cover, and a little bottle of warm milk, and a tiny saucer.

The label was addressed to HRH The Princess Elizabeth.

It all looked lovely, and Boy jumped in the basket at once. Suddenly, he felt a tiny bit frightened. He looked at his brothers one by one—dear Jolly with his white smudged nose, and darling Santa with his rather large ears, and friendly Nicholas with his misty blue eyes—and sweet adorable little sister Holly... how dear they all looked.

Boy had a queer choky feeling in his throat, and suddenly leapt out of the

Continued from page 23

FESTIVE FASHIONS YOU CAN MAKE



Belt. Cut felt fabric desired width and length. Fold over. Press outer edges with steam iron, stretching fabric as you press to obtain contoured waist-line fit. Featherbone at each side and then insert three eyelets at

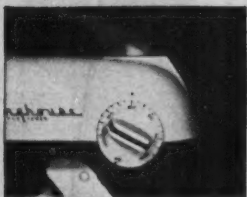
each end of the belt for laces.
Braid Slippers. Use felt soles. Cut felt for vamp 2" wide to approximately foot size. Trim with braid and sew firmly to soles. Cord is trimmed at both ends with tiny rhinestone buttons and wrapped around the foot. Attach it at the centre sides.



Stole. Cut to desired size and machine-sew six rows of 6-inch tulle with ruffler. Edges of both skirt and stole are pinked.
Lace Slippers. Use felt soles. Cut 2-inch straps approximately 5" long (according to

foot size). Trim with shirred tulle and criss-cross for vamp. Sew firmly to sole. Add a rhinestone button. Attach half-inch ankle ties at both sides.

(Skirt and accessories photographed on page 22-23 made up to Chatelaine design by Singer Sewing Centre.)



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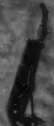
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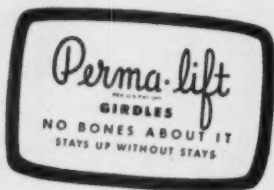
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basket and flew to his mother. Susan's eyes were very bright and her lips quivered a little. She washed her little son's face seriously, and talked to him quietly. What she said to him that morning no one will ever know, but when it was over everyone noticed that Boy's back and tail stiffened as he walked, proud and erect, back to the waiting basket, where he found Jolly waiting for him.

"Come on, Boy," he said. "I'm going with you as far as Paddington. Cheer up!" Together they nestled down in the basket on top of the hot water bottle.

Very gently Mistress fastened the basket and, picking it up, went through the front door and into a waiting motor car. Susan watched them go from the window, her brown head held high. Mistress thought she saw two large pearly tears splash down onto her soft chest, but Susan Muffet had a look of pride about her as she watched the car go.

It was very comfortable in the basket and, locked in each other's arms, Jolly and Boy fell asleep. When they awoke, they were in the train. It seemed to be singing a sort of song:

Jiggity-jog—Jiggity-jog,
Lucky Cat—Lucky Cat.
Going to the Palace—Going to
the Palace,
Jiggity-jog—Jiggity-jog.

The two kittens fell asleep again. It was quite impossible to keep awake with such a lullaby going on all the time.

All of a sudden they woke up. There was a most dreadful noise going on. Whistles were blowing, doors banging, motors hooting, and everyone was shouting and running. "Taxi!—Taxi!" and "The train on number one platform will leave at ten-twenty calling at Reading, Swindon, Chippenham, Bath and Bristol." The noise was deafening.

Terrified Kittens

Jolly and Boy were terrified. Was this Buckingham Palace?

They cried loudly to be let out. Mistress heard them, and putting her face down close to the basket, comforted them, saying, "Don't be afraid. We're at Paddington Station, and very soon I'll let you out." Soon it grew much quieter and Mistress opened the basket. They were in a very large quiet room. People were sitting at little tables, drinking coffee and talking. Jolly and Boy each sat on a chair and drank their milk in the little saucer they had brought with them; then they washed their hands and faces, polished their whiskers, and felt much better. A gentleman came and sat beside them with a very small basket. He spoke to Mistress, and the two kittens, and was very kind.

"Well, Jolly, are you coming to live with me? I've got a titbit at home for you. Come and see how you like this little basket," and he put Jolly inside it before he had time to give Boy a lick of good-by.

"Oh, but wait, I must kiss him before he goes," cried Mistress, and stooping down she planted a butterfly kiss on his soft head. "Goody-by, little friend," she whispered. Jolly seemed quite happy after that, and curled himself round. And Boy was left alone,



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CHATELAINE—DECEMBER, 1952

Mistress looked him over. He had a good straight back, and his cream fur shone in the morning light. His brown ears were small and pointed, and the insides looked like pink shells. His legs and his curly tail were chocolate colored and very soft. His head was wide and a tiny bit striped in cream and brown, with a very, very dark brown nose that was always rather cold and wet. His eyes were as blue as the bluest-blue in a paintbox. Wearing his handsome new collar, Boy looked most distinguished and was a fine fellow. Mistress tickled him under his chin.

"Come along, Boy. We'd better be going." Boy climbed back into the basket, which seemed very big and empty now that Jolly had gone, and he felt very small indeed. Mistress fastened him in, and carried him downstairs and out into the road.

Through the cracks of the basket, Boy saw that she had stopped a motor car. It was a blue car, with bright handles and lamps, and shining windows, and it was driven by an old gentleman. He wore a peak cap and spectacles, and he looked very glum.

"Taxi, please," said Mistress.

"Where to, ma'am?" asked the driver.

"To Buckingham Palace," said Mistress, very proudly.

"H'm! 'Tisn't the first of April. Where did you say?"

"To Buckingham Palace, please," Mistress repeated.

"Now, ma'am, stands to reason we can't just go driving in *there*."

"It's quite all right," said Mistress. "Just you drive me to Buckingham Palace and see what happens."

"Me, too, please," meowed Royal Boy.

The driver stared at the basket in absolute astonishment. He looked over the top of his spectacles and under his spectacles. "Well! I'll be jiggered!" he said.

"I really don't think you'd better be," said Mistress, "because we are in rather a hurry."

"Are you now? Very well, get in, but don't go blaming me if you get into trouble."

Through Palace Gates

It seemed a very long drive to Boy, but Mistress talked to him all the way, and let him peep through the window. "There's Marble Arch, Boy," she told him. "The gates are only opened for royalty—and here we are near Hyde Park."

On they drove, until they reached the biggest house Boy had ever seen. It had hundreds of windows, all shining brightly, with a flag flying proudly on top of it. All round the house was a tall iron fence, and on each side was a great gateway. The grumpy driver approached the left-hand gate and there, solidly blocking the way, stood a very large policeman. He looked simply enormous to Boy, but he had a shiny rosy face, and the bright buttons on his tunic shone like his face. Boy liked him. "Where do you want to go?" he asked the driver, who jerked a rather grubby thumb over his shoulder, toward Mistress, as much as to say: "Ask her—not me."

Mistress was ready for him. "Good morning, Constable," she said, "I'm bringing Corsham Royal Boy for The Princess Elizabeth. He is coming here to live, you know."

"Would you believe it," said the policeman. "Well, I never. We've had horses, and we've had dogs, and now it's cats. Well, well! Whatever next? All right, driver—let her go," he said.

The taxi driver straightened his spectacles, sat up, drove into the Palace courtyard in style, and drew up at the door. "I shall have to tell my Missus about this," he muttered.

As they got out, Boy got a glimpse of crimson carpet covering the steps. The great shining door opened as though by

magic and a very tall soldier stood waiting for them. He seemed to know all about Boy's coming, and was most polite and kind. Taking the basket from Mistress, he led her down a long passage. After walking quite a long way, they went up, up—and UP in a lift, and then they walked again. Everywhere, wherever Boy peeped, he saw the same wonderful crimson carpet; there seemed to be miles of it. The great windows shone, and there were hundreds of lovely pictures.

It was all rather frightening after his little country home. Boy began to feel homesick and had a bit of a lump in his throat, but he straightened his collar and, remembering what his mother had told him, was brave again at once.

They stopped—at a big white door, and, going through it, entered a little room. There, a friend waited for Boy. It was not his dear Princess, but she had a soft kind voice and Boy poked his head out of his blanket and took a good

Continued on page 60



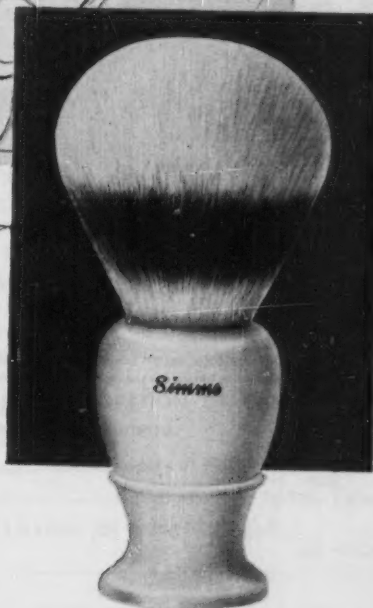
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look at her. Her hands were gentle as she lifted him up. She told Boy that the Princess was coming herself to fetch him that very afternoon to take him to live with her in the country at Windlesham Moor. She asked Mistress what Boy liked most of all to eat, saying the Princess was so anxious to make him very, very happy and keep him well and strong.

But Boy had forgotten everything. He had even forgotten his manners. Boy could scarcely believe his eyes. Boy there, in the corner of the room was—yes? could it possibly be? Yes, it was—a basket! Boy felt at home at once and scampered off to climb into it. Nothing could have been better.

Mistress didn't disturb him. She left him, playing happily, and went out through the big white door. She followed the tall soldier along the wide crimson

corridors, and went down, down and DOWN in the lift, out into the courtyard of Buckingham Palace, out into the spring sunshine. The Pipers were changing the guard, and the skirl of their pipes thrilled her. She turned, looked up at the windows, and wondered in which room she had left Royal Boy. Then she looked up at the Royal Standard flying bravely above the Palace, pinched herself good and hard to make sure she wasn't dreaming, and walked slowly through the gate... carrying an empty basket.

Inside the Palace, in a cosy little room, Boy sat and waited for Princess Elizabeth. What happened when they met must, of course, remain forever a precious secret between them.

And at home, in Corsham, Susan Muffet sat in the window... waiting for Mistress to return. ♦

THE BURGLAR CAME

Continued from page 15

of course, it was a simple matter for the burglar or burglars to climb in and open such doors as they chose.

He told us a lot of other things, too, sitting there on the very chair the burglars had used to block the front door in case of our unexpected return. "These fellows" always used the softer light of candles and matches to do their looting by, and we had made things easy for them by leaving plenty of both on hand. But this time they had become daring and turned on a light, and we were extremely lucky the 150-watt bulb in the dressing table lamp hadn't really set fire to the shade or the suitcoat draped over it before the looters—perhaps as a thoughtful afterthought—had turned it off.

All the time he was talking I kept thinking, "It's all like a detective story but it's really happened, here in my own home. Yet even then I didn't fully believe it for when the sergeant finished his story and pulled out his notebook, we both just echoed his next question: "What's missing...?"

We'd been too shocked so far even to think anything might be missing.

I looked in the box where I keep costume jewelry. The only valuable ring was gone. These thieves knew values. My husband picked up the shirts strewn in front of this chest. They all seemed to be there, and so were his pyjamas and underwear. It was only when the contents were returned to the drawers that he realized not a pair of socks remained. Three odd ones had been dropped by the burglars.

Then we remembered his revolver in the bureau drawer. Gone. So was the

HOW NOT TO HAVE A BURGLAR



- Notify neighbors if you expect to be absent overnight.
- Leave lights on and ask a neighbor to change them once or twice.
- Check all locks on doors and windows and see that none can be pried open with a strip of plastic, a nail file, or merely by steadily thumping the door or window with your hand.
- Have all mail, newspapers, etc., picked up every morning during your absence and, of course, order delivery of papers and milk discontinued in the interval.
- Keep all valuables such as money, bonds, jewelry in a vault, or safety deposit box—never at the bottom of a drawer, stuffed in a shoe, or anywhere else at home.

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(see page 53 for how YOU can send Chatelaine)



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box of ammunition. The police asked where the revolver was registered and phoned to get the serial number.

Meanwhile we began our search in earnest, our perceptions sharpened by anger. We knew there had been no money or negotiable securities left in the place. Yet it angered me to find that all the stamps in the desk drawers had been cleaned out.

Then we discovered the portable radio was not on its shelf. The electric sewing machine was gone. A good cowhide bag had apparently been used to carry away small articles. Men's clothes must have been in high demand on the black market where stolen goods are disposed of, for my husband's shoes were taken and mine left. Or perhaps the burglars had been disturbed at their work, for most of my clothes, including a new dress with the tag still on it, were part of that heap that looked like a remnant sale. But I've still not quite recovered from the humiliating possibility that none of my clothes were considered worth taking.

Another ring and a watch were missing. That seemed all. But the officer who had been entering each missing item in a little notebook advised, "Better give us a call tomorrow when you've had time to remember what you did have." Before leaving, they told us the fingerprint men would be up later.

The fingerprint experts were two pleasant young men to whom break-ins were also an everyday experience. One of them carried a square black bag like a doctor's. He opened it and we momentarily forgot our losses in the absorbing game of Sherlock Holmes that followed.

Seek Money in Books

The fingerprint expert shook out some black powder from a small jar and brushed it on the off-white woodwork of the balcony door and windows, on all light woodwork that could possibly have been touched by the burglars. He put it on a half-empty bottle of sherry and another of whisky from which our visitors had obviously helped themselves, on cigarette boxes and lighters. Then he opened a jar of white powder and painted that on the dark surfaces—the mahogany dining table, the dressing table and chest and desk drawers, chair backs and bookcases. All the books on one shelf had been shaken open and dumped on the floor in the vain search for concealed money.

After an hour of this black-and-white dusting, I could see half a day's cleaning, but not a significant fingerprint showed. The robbers had apparently worn gloves.

I wouldn't have minded cleaning all that woodwork if it had given us a clue, and there was some thrill to the sleuthing business. But we were reminded

Continued on page 64

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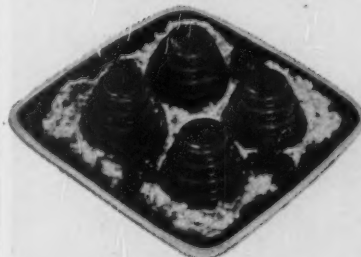
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BEAUTY

Memo from

Gift package . . . of time-saving beauty hints to help you keep looking your holiday best, whether you plan to be guest or hostess "when they come home for Christmas."

Busy hands can be pretty . . . Don't forget that your hands are on display at all times, and while whisking off an apron can turn you into a well-dressed hostess, the hands that cleaned and cooked will spoil the picture if they're red and rough with chipped polish and ragged cuticle. The way to more beautiful hands is full of shortcuts—here are just a few of the easier ones.

Masquerade nail polish . . . You can eliminate time-consuming retouching jobs with the new pearlized white nail polish. Tiny chipped edges don't show at all and this new shade creates younger-looking hands.

A stitch in time . . . The best insurance against belabored hands is, of course, donning a pair of rubber gloves while you work. But there's another hand-saver as near as water and a cake of soap. If you must wade wrist-deep in spilled liquids that stain or just plain penetrating dirt, lather the hands well first, digging the fingernails full of soap. Rub them until the lather is almost absorbed into the skin. A warm rinse after the messy chore is done will wash away the dirt that the soap keeps out of your pores.

Three quick hair shampoos . . . without soap and water. *First:* Moisten a wad of absorbent cotton in cold water and squeeze almost dry. Dip it into skin astringent and press out excess. Then part the hair in one-inch sections from brow to neckline, rubbing each strand vigorously until all the dust and grime are absorbed. Change the cotton wad often until you've covered your entire head. Then shape the hair back to its original lines and set. After a brisk morning brush your hair will look and feel gleaming and clean. *Second:* Cut an eight-inch



tube from an old nylon stocking and pull it over your brush. Part the hair at one-inch intervals and brush vigorously. As each section of the nylon gets soiled, move it around the brush, until you've covered your entire head. Brush the hair back into shape, clean and fresh again. *Third:* A "quickie" shampoo before a party: part your hair in horizontal side and back sections. Roll each strand onto pencil-sized wads of absorbent cotton soaked in astringent and pin them down tightly. Slip on a hair net while you bath and apply your make-up. The cotton-plus-astringent will absorb excess oil and grime.

Rosemary



Beauty bath for red, rough hands . . .

Grandma had the right idea when it came to keeping hands pretty despite her heavy housework. She whipped up a soothing solution of two tablespoons of epsom salts in two quarts of hot water. Immerse your hands in this solution until the water cools. Then you soap and rinse and smooth on a final application of hand cream. Grandmother used equal parts glycerine and rose water. Try this treatment on rough elbows as well as hands.

Clothing deodorizer . . . Perspiration odor can be easily removed from clothing right at home. Sponge the underarm areas with warm water mixed with a few drops of vinegar. Cover the wet spot with pepsin (digestive aid in powder form) working it into the fabric. Leave it this way for two hours, rewetting it at frequent intervals. Then brush off and dry.

The Chinese ancients . . . knew a household beauty secret when they burned incense continuously in their homes to create an atmosphere at once attractive and soothing. Scent your own rooms, and your guests and family will be delighted. Spray light, flowery cologne behind drapes, on bed linen under chair and sofa cushions, and on light bulbs, where heat will keep it alive for hours.



Quick emphasis for a faded face . . .

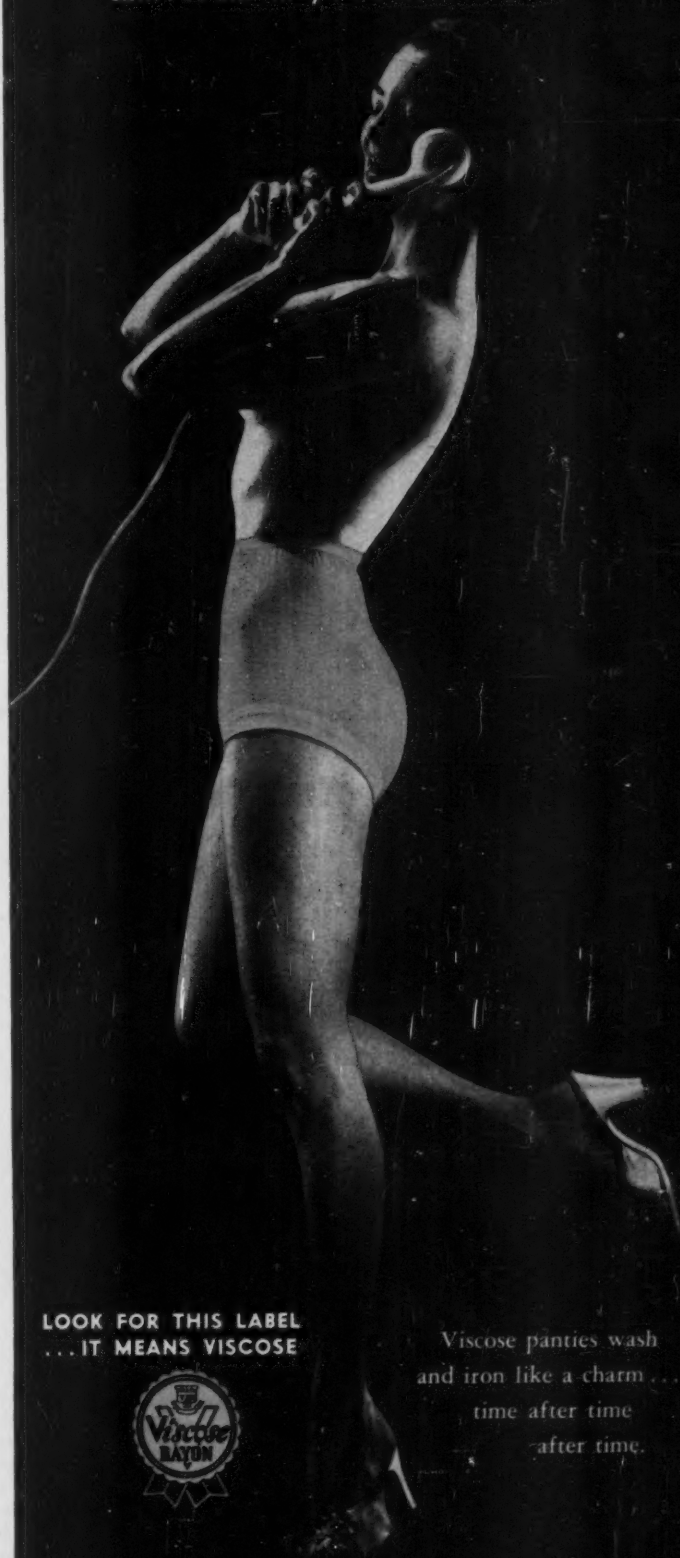
Changing the shape of your eyebrows can alter your entire appearance. This year eyebrows are heavier and more arched—inspired probably by the frankly thicker and softer eyebrows of our new Queen and movie star Liz Taylor. Unruly eyebrows can be trained with a moist toothbrush rubbed onto a cake of soap. Allow the soap to dry and remain on your neatly arched eyebrows for half an hour each night.

Blushing is becoming . . . the rage. And as easy to apply as powder with the new pink-toned cosmetics so popular now. It's literally a blush in a bottle. You smooth it on the same as a foundation and powder lightly. It completely rejuvenates sallow complexions and effectively conceals blemishes and unbecoming shadows around the eyes.

The shadows show . . . that you've been having too many late nights—and they add to your age. It's simple to blot them out—just take a tip from TV make-up artists and blend a two-tones-lighter base over the smudges under the eyes working it well into your darker foundation and rouge.

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Continued from page 61

again, very politely, that we should have left lights on and that our windows and doors should have had safety locks. Nothing is more annoying than the truth, nicely put. Having it repeated spoiled whatever pride we might have experienced when we were commended for keeping our negotiables in a safety deposit vault in a bank.

When the fingerprint men were through they told us we could put everything away, but we didn't know where to start. It wasn't like cleaning up after a party or putting things away after you have moved to a new house. Bringing order out of this chaos provided dreary hours of toil, picking up things from the floor and trying to remember where they belonged. It was utterly fatiguing, emotionally and physically. And we felt the first shock and headache all over again every time we missed something else.

I was returning papers to the desk when I glanced up to see the time. My father's gold watch, which had hung over the desk since his death was no longer there. Days later I looked at a familiar grouping of red glass and realized that one of a pair of Venetian comports was missing. It had been knocked off into a wastepaper basket when the burglars forced the window and broken.

This is one of the worst aftermaths of a burglary. Try as you will to remember all you owned, there are items you don't think of until you want them. Only when my husband prepared to leave for his office the morning after the robbery did he miss his spring overcoat, practically new and custom tailored; and the gloves in the pocket weren't remembered till much later after the claim had been settled by the insurance company.

Many items don't turn up missing for months: clothes out of season, silver not in daily use, a collection of valuable coins that belonged to a deceased relative, cameras, field glasses, the good black hornburg worn only once or twice a year, an evening bag . . . The excitement

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in
JANUARY
Chatelaine

ment tends to make you forget and overlook many things.

Almost from the first moment of discovery that burglars had entered our house, we had congratulated ourselves on being insured against loss, damage and theft under our floater policy. At least we would suffer no financial loss. So next day the insurance adjuster carried on where the police left off.

Enter the Insurance Man

He was a businesslike but pleasant young man, concerned about our misfortune. (Later he went to great trouble to have the dressing table lamp and the heirloom ivory box repaired by experts, and tried without success to have the suit-coat burn invisibly mended.) He spent a couple of hours recording details of the break-in for a statement which I had to sign. Each missing item was listed along with its value when new and the date of its acquisition. How long, he asked, had we had the radio? The sewing machine? Where had we bought the cowhide bag, the overcoat? Could I describe the rings and the watch in detail?

We learned about depreciation through these enquiries.

We'd thought we had complete coverage. We had—less depreciation. We found that if we had paid forty dollars for an article ten years ago the insurance company would value it at today's price—say fifty-five dollars; but then the adjuster would knock off so much for each year of its age, as depreciation. The net result was usually much less than the actual cost of replacing the article.

My electric sewing machine was, when we came to think of it, over twenty years old. It had been serviced regularly, and it mended pillowcases, sheets and towels perfectly. We were allowed just twenty dollars for it, though we were unable to buy another second-hand electric machine in any condition for less than thirty-nine dollars.

The suit coat which was burned when our visitors used it to shade the dressing table lamp, was put down as part of a suit and not a whole suit; and besides, it had been worn; thus we were allowed a third of the cost of replacing the suit—forty dollars instead of one hundred and twenty dollars. The allowance on the overcoat was sixty dollars; but my husband had to pay eighty-nine dollars for a new one like it. The radio lost in value for each year we had had it. So did the cowhide bag. Some things, of course, had sentimental value for which there was no replacement.

I believe the allowances we received were perfectly fair according to insurance standards. But they fell disappointingly short of what we had first expected, and what we have had to pay for replacements.

Payment of claims, we discovered, is not made until a sufficient time has lapsed for possible recovery. This is so that the police may check all second-hand stores and pawnbrokers. Ours weren't, unfortunately. It took two months to have the antique ivory box repaired and to replace my stolen ring with one made to order. When we could think of nothing else which seemed to be missing, we signed a statement of final claim, which had to be notarized. Payment was made about three months after the burglary.

The statement of final claim is like all final statements—disturbing. Insurance companies insist on it before any payment is made, although we were told that most firms will let you enter a new claim on any further losses from the same robbery discovered after final settlement. The problem in delayed cases is to establish proof that the items in question were stolen, and how and when. When you have to make a sworn statement you pause, as I am doing now, before claiming that several yellow bath

towels were stolen. I feel certain that they were taken; but there is always the possibility they were mislaid by the laundry about the same time and that because of the burglary excitement I didn't note their loss.

We certainly aren't thinking of giving up insurance against theft, damage and all that is covered by a personal floater policy. We have merely learned a few hard useful facts about this kind of insurance, its uses and its limitations. We have read the small print on our

policies, the part most policyholders ignore.

You replace your old clothes. You get another radio. In time you even learn not to miss the gold watch that hung above your desk. It takes much longer and is far more difficult to get over the feeling, every time you open a drawer and take out a nightgown or a slip, that strange hands have been pawing your most intimate things. You wonder whether you overlooked washing even one garment and whether the



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unknown hands were not only dirty but contaminated by loathsome diseases.

What the burglars did to letters and personal documents was deeply disturbing. In our home we respect each other's papers. To see files belonging to other members of your family burst open; to come upon private letters scattered callously is even worse than having your own souvenirs violated—makes you wonder what secrets are now in the careless keeping of strangers.

And the heirlooms—that broken ivory box usually stands on the radio where the light catches its fine goldleaf underlay. It was given me by a close friend who is a descendant of the original owner, Isaac Newton, and was a thing of loveliness and fine craftsmanship as well as a memento of the discoverer of the law of gravity. Probably our burglars never noticed that they knocked it to the floor, nor would they care much to know that it cost a week's painstaking and skilled effort to put it together again.

But now that the ivory box is repaired, the claim settled, why don't I forget the whole unpleasant business?

I've tried. I think I shall be able to—now that I've done what I wish someone had done for me and tried to sound a warning for others as careless as I have been. Because I know now that I was an accomplice of the burglars who caused us so much trouble and heartache. Had we left on some lights they wouldn't have noticed that we were away. They might have been discouraged if our locks hadn't yielded so easily.

If you want to do everything you can to escape such an experience—and it can happen at your place—clip out the list of tips police gave me on how not to have a burglar. +

LET'S NOT WORK

THE QUEEN

TO DEATH TOO

says Hector Bolitho

One of the most widely read and highly respected writers about the Royal Family tells what the crushing burden of monarchy has done to previous occupants of the throne from Queen Victoria to George VI, and urges that our new Queen be spared the same fate.

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Christmas

Gift

Ideas



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To sparkle on her Christmas tree . . . a dainty flacon of wonderful Evening in Paris perfume in its own whimsical revolving holder. Give a Whirl-a-gig to every girl in your life! Priced at \$1.00

A thrilling gift . . . a beautifully designed rhodium bracelet set with sparkling rhinestones and baguets. This Coro original about \$40.00. Matching earrings about \$10.00.

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CHRISTMAS TREES

Continued from page 7

to come in the middle of a thaw, which required that the contents be eaten up fast or given away faster. We ate fast. There were no deep freezes in those days.

Presently other born Westerners began to trickle through to us. Daughters and sons of Aunt May's friends and neighbors, the first homesick generation of prairie Canadians, they were sent East to boarding school or to college. It was they who gave Christmas at our house its melancholy cast. The trains of remembrance they brought with them to Christmas dinner were heavy with youth's first unshed tears.

It should be set down to the credit of Prairie breeding that while Christmas dinner lasted the tears remained unshed. None dropped directly on the stuffing, none diluted the cranberry sauce. All were swallowed with the turkey, but the woe-begone young faces under the bright paper caps grew steadily more woe-begone as second helpings followed firsts. Christmas dinner at our house, in the years when Aunt May lived in Regina, could have given any Christmas dinner at Mrs. Traill's in Douro Township several shiploads of trans-Atlantic memories and still have won the all-Canadian championship for melancholy.

Pillow Fight Treatment

My father, who disliked sad silences, fought hard to break them up before they set. Failing a smile, a rise would do. He would recall and tell any outrageous story of prairie politics he knew, to get one. He did not often fail. The Westerners rose loyally to each new bait only to sink lower after every rise. Mother would move in at last to see what a little more of the turkey could do to plug the flow of gloom.

It couldn't do a thing. The exiles had all they wanted of the turkey, as of the East. That was clear to the most junior of Aunt May's Eastern relations. It was no less clear, though we were without personal experience of any melancholy too deep for turkey, that here was misfortune calling for relief.

We offered what we could. We invited the visitors to come and slide down the stairs and get ready for pudding while we took turns throwing sofa pillows at them from the top landing. Sometimes some of them came and slid and when they did it seemed to do them good, though not for long. Between the stairs and the pudding, melancholy could claim them for her own again in no time flat. This led to interprovincial misunderstanding.

For a while nearly all of Aunt May's junior relations back East believed Christmas melancholy to be an ill peculiar to Westerners born in Regina. We have all learned better since. The wider connection between memory and melancholy has been made plain to us.

But not to the child. To the child among the young pines there still was none. Christmas trees, Christmas trees, Christmas, he sang to himself and was happy because he remembered.

Christmas can be taken that way before you start trying to put away childish things. After you stop trying, having learned at last that you'll never manage it, it should be possible to take



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"Never in my life have I found anything more fascinating than N.I.A. training. I am proud, too, that articles of mine are now being published regularly. The first ones were retouched, but the last appeared as I had written it and of course the wonder of wonders is to see my name under the lead."—Evelyn R. Leitch, P.O. Box 186, High River, Alberta, Canada.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

So many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns."

Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business, hobbies, homemaking, social matters, sports, travel, human interest stories, local, church and club activities, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of cheques for \$25, \$50 and \$100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

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Christmas that way again. Mr. Shakespeare wrote the words for it, in Hamlet of all places:

Elsinore—a platform before the castle.

Marcellus:

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long:

And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,

So ballowed and so gracious is the time.

Horatio:

So have I heard and do in part believe it . . .

The trouble with most of us is still Horatio's, the distance between hearing and believing, even in part, is long. That season comes again, and brings us melancholy. The stuff of memory is too heavy still, the magic it holds too strong, to handle alone. We need help with it.

That, no doubt, is the reason for the programs of sad mass merriment laid on each year in increasing numbers against the return of Christmas. Skip them—and away with melancholy, Mrs. Traill; 1837 didn't know the half of it—there are still quite a few children about and still quite a few Christmas trees. ♦

There's still time to . . .

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A dress-up costume for her favorite doll is sure to please. Would make a delightful tuckaway in a Christmas stocking. Fits dolls from 16 to 20 inches in height. We supply instructions only, price 10 cents. Order No. C47.

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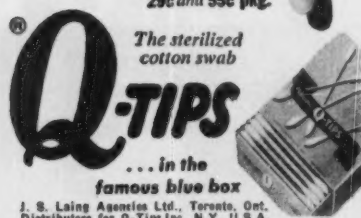
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Enjoy soothing, relaxing heat with genuine G-E Infra-Red Heat Lamp. Quick relief from aches and pains; effective for sinus, arthritis, rheumatism, etc. Ideal for drying hair, paint, nail polish; treating sick animals; starting auto on cold mornings; thawing frozen pipes and wherever quick heat is needed. A boon to every household.

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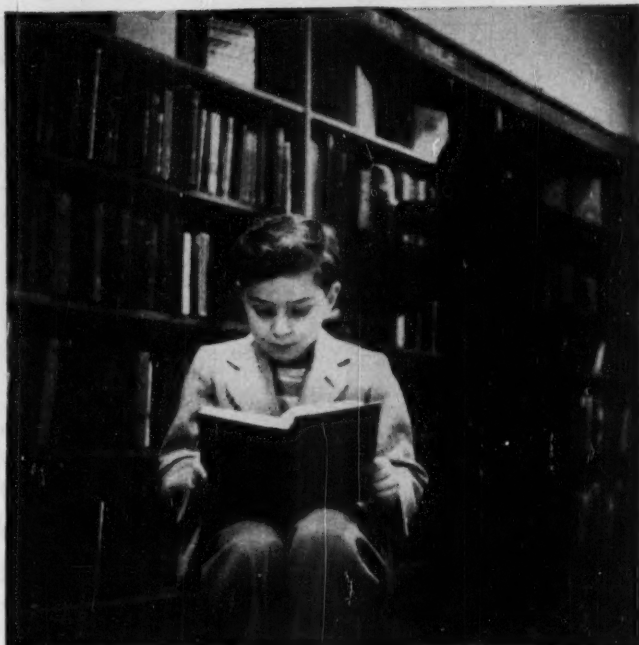
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SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

YOUNG PARENTS



Rockett

"ONCE UPON A TIME . . ."

Your Christmas gifts can help your child

to discover the magic of storyland

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D.
Director, Child Health Clinic

Have you books for children on your Christmas list?

Many parents are concerned today because their children read so little, and spend so much time with the radio, television, and movies. What can we do to make reading more attractive to them?

Little children usually love a story just before they settle down to sleep, and it is a far more effective nightcap than an exciting game or romp. Some people are lucky enough to be able to make up stories to order. The less gifted of us have to use someone else's tales and to do that effectively you usually have to read them through at least a couple of times. However, there are a lot of fine children's books around and the larger cities have good stocks of them in their libraries.

An even easier method is just to read the book out loud and if it pleases the youngster he will want it read over and over again. Not infrequently he will correct you if you don't get every word accurately. Incidentally these stories give you a chance to implant many valuable ideas in your children's minds. Sometimes too the child will be pleased to tell a story of his own making.

Books printed on cloth, the untearable ones, are the kind for their first picture books. Young children like simple pictures, printed in bright colors, of animals and objects with which they are familiar. Black and white photographs or line drawings do not appeal

to younger children nearly so much as colored, unshaded pictures.

The old standbys such as Peter Rabbit and the other Beatrix Potter books, Little Black Sambo, are still favorites and there are a great many wonderful new ones as well. Owning some good books of his own gives the child a pleasant feeling that he will remember for years. A children's librarian could suggest suitable titles if you are in doubt as to what to buy. There are also several books that would help you (e.g. Kepler's "The Child and His Play").

When your child can read you would be wise, if you can, to start him at the library. Until he is old enough to go back and forth alone, you will find it is less wearing if you plan to shop or to pick out books for yourself while he makes his own selection. He'll probably be slow, but he'll like the books he chooses for himself better than your choices. All too often we whisk the children in and out too fast.

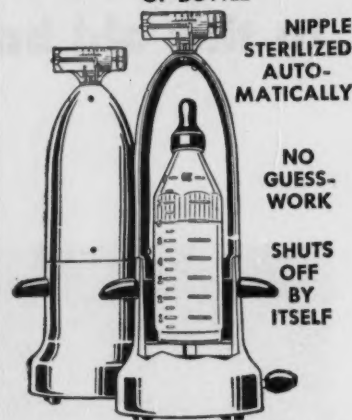
Comic Books

On this continent at least comic books or the funny papers are almost universally read by youngsters, and parents are concerned about their influence on young minds. Objections range all the way from the fact that these comics are a waste of time to their being a breeding ground for crime. A short time ago quite an extensive investigation was

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**"WHY didn't she
send me Chatelaine
for Christmas?"**

(See page 53 for how YOU
can send Chatelaine)

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This Kind of Laxative

Ex-Lax is effective, but in a gentle way. It won't weaken or upset your child. It won't make her feel bad afterwards.

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Ex-Lax can be given to your children with complete confidence. It has a fine chocolate taste, and its action is dependable and thorough.

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EX-LAX

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made into this question in the United States. Experts in social work, delinquency, education, etc., gave evidence and the general conclusion reached was that comic books alone were not to blame for delinquency. Parental neglect and broken or unhappy homes seemed to be the major causes.

Some even claimed that the "thriller" type of comics helped children to express their aggressive, antisocial tendencies in a harmless way. They pointed out too that there were many quite educational comic books and that children who read the better kinds of books usually choose the better comics. A subscription to a children's magazine sometimes helps to wean the child away from the comics and opening a magazine addressed to him personally is a real pleasure for him. That would be another possible Christmas gift.

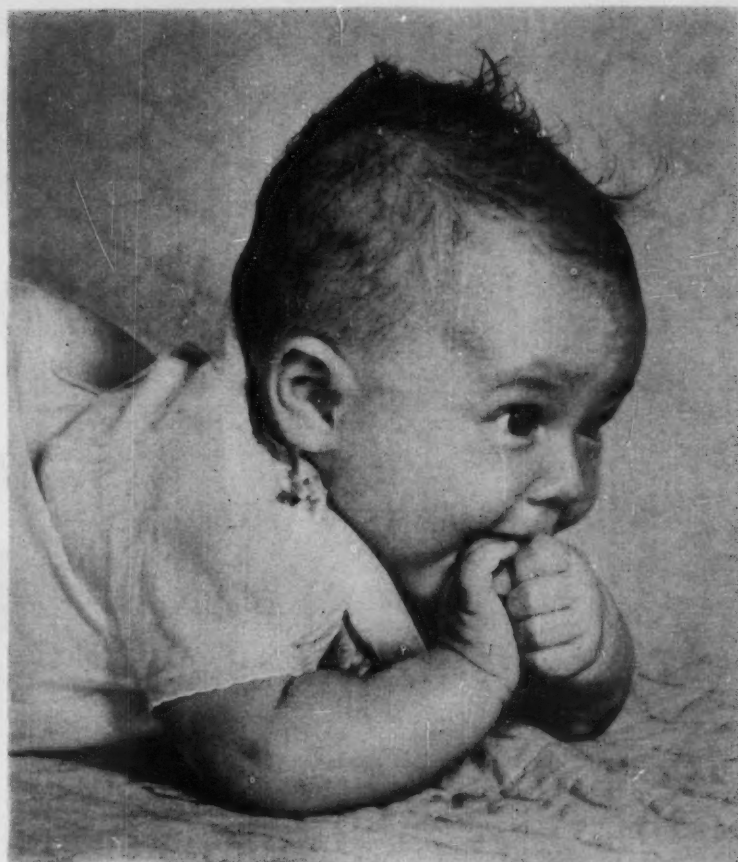
Toys are an essential on your Christmas list for children, although they needn't be expensive. In fact many of the best types can be made at home. Some toys develop their muscles—for instance push and pull toys for toddlers, or wagons, sleighs, shovels, wheelbarrows, tricycles and doll carriages for older youngsters. Pegboards and crayons—large ones for the small youngsters; blunt scissors and colored paper; beads, once more big ones to string on shoelaces for the little nippers, and similar toys develop the small muscles of their hands.

Toys can stimulate their imagination—for instance, blocks with which they can build houses, churches, barns, etc.; small animals, cars and dolls provide occupants for their buildings. Dress-up clothes are great favorites for children of four or five and many of these can be improvised from discarded garments. Unbreakable dolls' dishes, small brooms, mops and telephones all help them to imitate their elders and are not only

fun but useful. Plasticene, paints (particularly small jars of poster paint), small looms, blackboards, coloring books and cutouts develop their artistic skills. After the age of four many youngsters are interested in hammers, nails, small saws and pieces of soft wood with which they can make simple objects of which they are justly proud.

When shopping for a child try to buy something that can be used in a variety of ways. For example, a fair-sized wooden truck loaded with blocks or bean bags that can be either pushed or pulled is a more satisfying toy than a mechanical automobile he won't be able to wind up himself and that will only do one thing. A homemade, sparsely furnished dolls' house made from a cardboard carton, for which the child can make rugs, bedclothes, pictures and other articles, will probably provide more fun than one already complete. Besides it will be a lot less costly.

Youngsters of two or so are often rather overwhelmed with the assortment of toys they receive at Christmas time. After a day or so you would be wise to put away a number of the ones not being used. Then you can bring them out one by one on rainy days, when a new diversion is a great help. As a matter of fact one, two and three-year-olds really need a larger assortment of toys than older children because their attention span is shorter—in other words they don't usually play with any one thing for long and so they need plenty of variety. The one-year-old enjoys simple playthings many of which you have around the house or can make, such as clothespins, wooden spoons, a little aluminum saucepan or bowl and lid, stuffed dolls, a big ball, nesting or small blocks and an old spoon. Everything should be free of sharp corners, considerably too large to swallow and, if possible, washable. +



Can Baby Really Taste?



For the first few weeks, a baby's sight and hearing are pretty blurry. But right from the start, baby reacts to the basic taste-sensations of sweet, salt, sour, bitter.

What's more, babies are even keener when it comes to the feeling of food in their mouths. That's why Gerber's Baby Cereals and Strained Foods all have a special, smooth texture that feels good on baby's tongue. And all Gerber's have a minimum of

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Your doctor may suggest Gerber's Rice Cereal as the first "starter." It's the original ready-to-serve rice cereal for babies... enriched with important B-vitamins and minerals. Then there are Gerber's Strained Apples, Carrots, and Vegetables & Chicken—to mention some other favourite "firsts." All are made in Canada—all are simply brimming with goodness!

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READER TAKES OVER

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WHERE'S JUNIOR?



Fancy Feasting ...Easy Fixings

SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM with these jolly chimney-top Santas

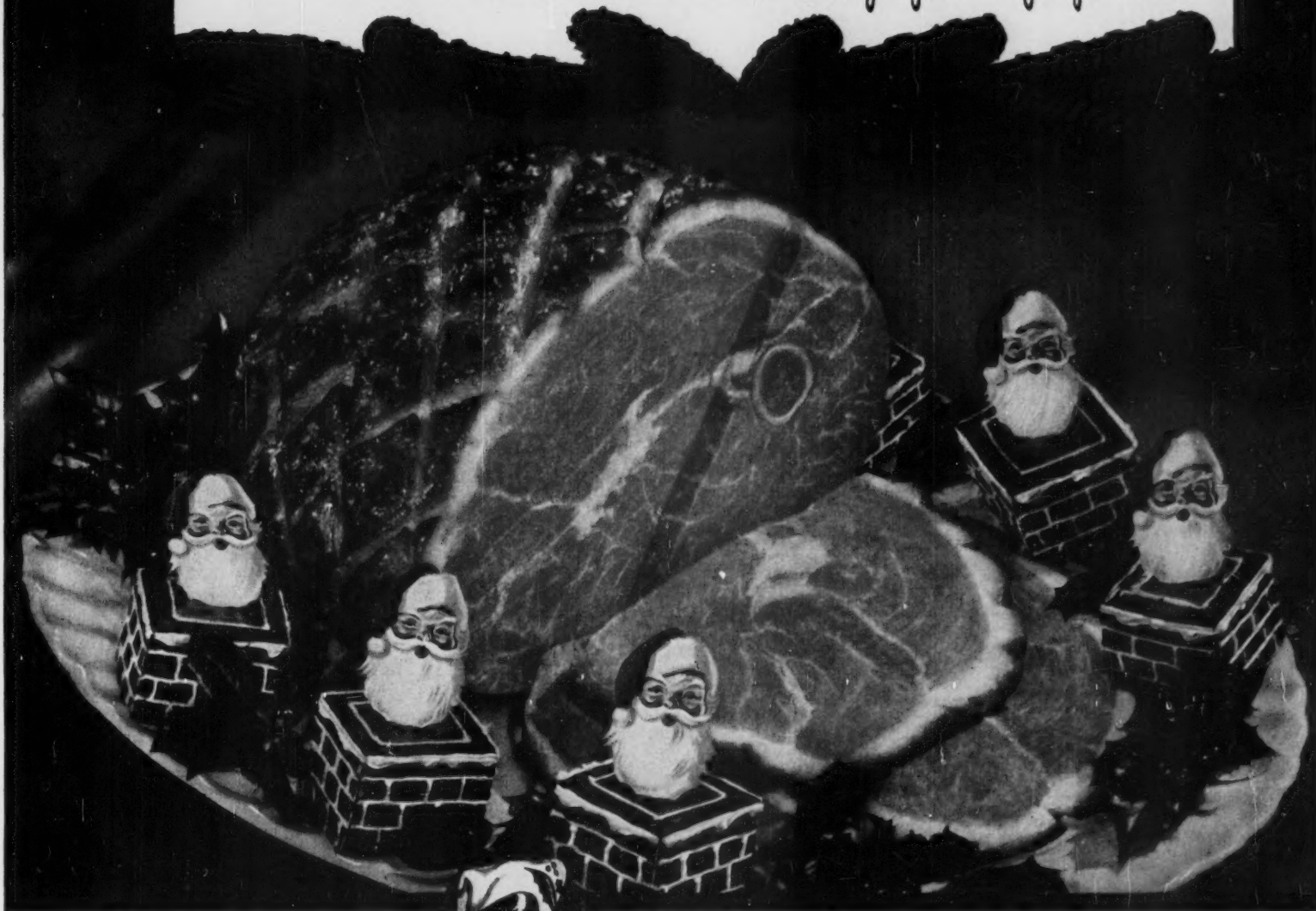


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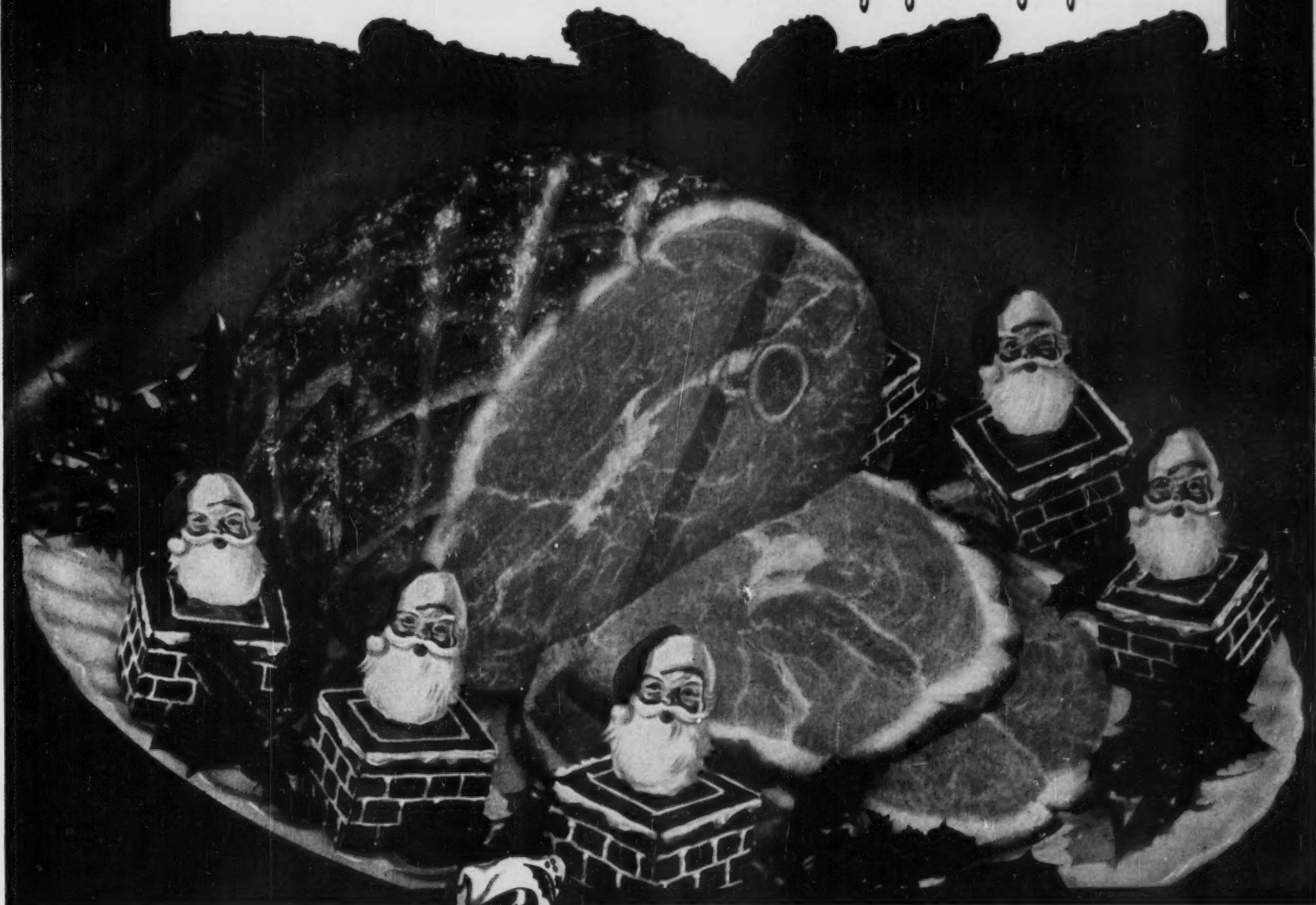


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